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"SHADING HER EYES WITH HER HAND, A YOUNG GIRL STOOD."
DRAWN BY GILBERT GAUL.

BETWEEN THE LINES.*

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.

AUTHOR OF "A WAR-TIME WOOING."

I.

SHADING her eyes with a slender white hand, a young girl stood gazing eastward over a broad and beautiful landscape. The sun was fast sinking behind the wooded heights at her back, and throwing long shadows over the green carpet of the lawn. It was a picturesque old place, that Virginia homestead. The house was large, two stories, with broad central hallway and heavy wings; dull red brick showing here and there through the thick veil of vines; a wide and sheltered piazza with white wooden railing and chubby balusters; a broad flight of steps leading down to the circular driveway, and flanked by white buttresses ornamented with big florid vases of the same material and ponderous pattern as the sturdy little squat balusters that supported the railing. No plants or flowers blooming in the vases to-day, and this not the only evidence of a neglect that was perhaps inevitable. The drive itself was furrowed here and there with gullies made by recent rains. The line of demarcation between flower bed and lawn had long since become blurred in the encroachments of the thick grass or swifter creeping plants. Poultry, too, had taken advantage of the relaxation of domestic discipline, and were making themselves at home, the hens "dusting" in various concavities of the roadway, scooped out unrebuked by their busy claws, while two or three blear-eyed chanticleers were paying court in grandiose style, as though conscious of the fact that, as natives of Virginia, a degree of dignity and suavity of mien must be observed, which should distinguish them from the "dunghills" of commonwealths less favored. The big gate at the front hung heavily on its rusting hinges, and no sign of wheel track marked the drive. The fence, too, that showed here and there through the hedge of rose-bushes, was lacking a paling in more places than one, and the old Newfoundland, that had just come lazily in from a scout in the red roadway beyond, had availed himself of one of these openings in preference to the broader one where the path led through the gateway.

But the trees were beautiful in their graceful shape and luxuriant foliage, the air was soft and still and clear, the sunshine warm and radiant, and the view from the piazza

(Continued on page 914.)

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"We do not hesitate to recommend this periodical as the best weekly publication in existence."—*New York Observer.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The number for November 27th is another Thanksgiving Number, with a front-page illustration, "The Day Before Thanksgiving"; a full-page drawing by C. S. REINHART, "*The Dolls' Thanksgiving Dinner*"; *and a story, entitled "How Miss Roxy Spent Thanksgiving Eve," by* ADA M. TROTTER.

Other contents of this number are "The Red Oak Tree," by H. S. EDWARDS; "*How the Boys Found a Mastodon,*" *by* SARAH COOPER; "*Uncle Peter's Trust;*" *and "The Castle on the Rhine," by* EMMA C. DOWD, *with several illustrations by* ALFRED BRENNAN.

The issue of December 4th will be the

CHRISTMAS NUMBER,

with stories by THOMAS NELSON PAGE, BRANDER MATTHEWS *and* F. ANSTEY, JOHN RUSSELL CORYELL, *and* SOPHIE SWETT.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 1, 1888.

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THANKSGIVING.

THE happy day sacred to family reunion and domestic festivity became national long ago. In its origin it is a Puritan day, but it has nothing of the traditional Puritan severity. It is in fact as gay a holiday as Christmas, and like that its religious observance is blended with a secular and joyous character. The Thanksgiving sermon, in considering occasions for State or national gratitude, naturally treated of public questions rather than theological topics, and like Dr. JONATHAN MAYHEW'S "Morning Gun of the Revolution," in 1750, many of the Thanksgiving discourses of the last generation dealt with national questions in a timely and trenchant way. Mr. BEECHER was accustomed on Thanksgiving Day to take a comprehensive view of the situation of the country, and in his bold and picturesque style to point out and criticise national wrongs, as well as to recognize with ample admiration the astonishing national prosperity and development. The surprising industrial statistics of the country every orator upon every occasion presents with complacent congratulation. The vast figures that state the accumulations of wealth in America are exceedingly imposing, and as Americans the preacher and the people naturally express a kind of *ex officio* pride and satisfaction in them. But whether they are altogether a reason for thanksgiving the preacher may perhaps be unwilling to assert.

In a striking paper in the current *New Princeton Review*, Professor NORTON, of Harvard, treats of the intellectual life of America. He is generously just to our material prosperity, and with a firm hand he traces clearly and well the outline of our phenomenal progress. But he raises the question whether the very impulse and splendor of that progress do not emphasize and exaggerate defects in the national spirit and temper. He suggests that we may be nourishing our national pride upon things which are not essentially great, and reminds us that it is character and ideals and spiritual elevation which make the excellency of a people, as of a man. This is a pregnant text for Thanksgiving Day. The three countries to which America, with the rest of Christendom, but more especially America, is indebted, are Judea, Greece, and England. The distinctive greatness of these countries is very different. One is spiritual, one is intellectual, and one is political. If America were to vanish to-day, is it clear that it would survive as an influence equally distinctive and significant with these others? Would its name signify more than a phenomenon of material prosperity?

These are the implied questions of Professor NORTON'S paper. In thought, in literature, in art, in science, in politics, what has America distinctively and definitely wrought out? Is the promise of a republic of simple equality, of general justice, well-being, and content, constantly more and more fulfilled? or, while invention, enterprise, activity, and skill are working material miracles, is the average of well-being diminishing? and while aggregate wealth marvellously increases, are moderate intermediate fortunes more common? Mr. WEBSTER used to say that in his younger years the few persons who kept a carriage in Boston were known to everybody. Now that carriages are common, and there are stately palaces, and a luxury of living unknown to early New England, is there more or less proportionate poverty, ignorance, suffering, and discontent? The reason for thanksgiving is that America is boundless opportunity combined with resources and ability to turn it to the best account. The physical condition of the country, a vast territory of every form of fertility, the most various climate, mines, forests, waterways, are unequalled, and the actual pressure of population upon the food supply is a remote contingency. This opportunity, unless we are unworthy of it, must be improved, not alone to the accumulation of individual wealth, but to the promotion of the common welfare. Moral and intellectual America must become as eminent as material America, or we shall have wasted our opportunity. A day which recalls our thoughts to this truth, which not only reveals our immense advantages and prosperities, but quickens the resolution to use them worthily, is truly a day of hope and of thanksgiving.

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION AND THE SOUTHERN STATES.

THE *World* recently published a series of interviews with editors of various papers in the Southern States regarding the election. The most striking fact in them all is an evident conception of "the South" as a distinct and peculiar part of the country, not as a simple group of States in the Union. This habit of speaking of a part of the country as constituting a separate community is very common and very mischievous. There is a constant reference in the press of the Southern States to "our people," "the Southern people," "the South," "the people of the South," which in its degree is unlike the practice of any other part of the country, and which has no result except to foster and emphasize an injurious sectional feeling. It is therefore pleasant to find among the ideas reported in the *World* the sensible remark of Mr. BAKER, of the *Times-Democrat* of New Orleans, that "the South expected to be treated by HARRISON'S administration just as other sections of the country." This is the sensible and obvious view. It is as absurd to ask how the new President will probably treat "the South" as how he will treat "the North" or "the Northwest," or New England or the Middle States. Like New England and the Middle States and the Western States, the Southern States are States of the Union, and the duty of the President is the same to all parts of the country.

There are, indeed, interests and questions of different local importance. The subject of the fisheries, for instance, concerns the New England States more immediately than those of the Northwest, and questions arising from the equal numbers of colored and white citizens are more pressing in the Southern than in the Middle States. So far as these questions affect the freedom of the suffrage, it is agreed that they are strictly within the action of the States themselves, although the whole country is vitally interested in them. In regard to this subject General HARRISON spoke very plainly last March before the Marquette Club in Chicago. He said that an unfinished part of the Republican work was to make "the franchise to the colored men of the South a practical and living reality." He did not know how far there was a legal remedy under the Constitution, but at least there could be a practical protest by so voting in the other States as to deprive the perpetrators of the wrong of "the usufructs of the crime." General HARRISON laid great stress upon the question, but he disclaimed all ill feeling arising from the war. His complaint, he said, was of what is done now, not of what was done twenty-five years ago. Upon this point he will undoubtedly speak plainly at his inauguration or in his first message. But he will speak as the President, and upon a question of national, not of sectional, interest. Moreover, he will speak with the conservative responsibility of power, and it is fair to assume that he will be animated by the general pacific spirit of the country upon the subject, and not by the bitterness and injustice of extreme partisanship. His good sense will prevent any merely sectional allusions, or recognition of any other than national interests.

The sooner the press of the Southern States can correct the habit of talking about "the South" and "the Southern people," and cherishing a determined spirit of sectionalism, the better for the whole country. That press is greatly deceived if it supposes there is any other general feeling in this part of the Union than the sincerest regard for all other parts, and the most intelligent appreciation of the peculiar difficulties of the situation in the Southern States. There was no more satisfactory aspect of the late campaign than the signal failure of the traditional sectional appeal. There was scarcely a feeble flutter of the bloody shirt. To us here upon the spot the proposed legislation of Senator CHANDLER, and the tone of the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* during the canvass, did not and do not represent the actual Republican sentiment. They were the savage war-paint and gong-beating of the campaign. The interviews in the *World* generally express satisfaction, if no "repressive policy" should be attempted. Such a policy would not be countenanced by the good sense of the country. But it is for every State to remember, in the interest of the common welfare, that every form of fraud upon the ballot, whether by voting floaters "in blocks of five" or coercing votes in any way, is a wrong which in the speediest and most effective way must be corrected. That way will be found, we think, in relieving every State of the apprehension of exterior interference, and by national party division upon policies which will naturally divide opinion in every State.

SPOILS.

THERE is a decided disposition among many Republicans, Senators FARWELL and INGALLS leading, to favor a total disregard of what is alleged to be a cardinal Republican principle, and to repudiate civil service reform as a foolish whim. We beg to refresh the memory of such Republicans by reminding them of the Chicago platform, which, after lashing Republicans who declined to vote for Mr. BLAINE as party deserters and violators of pledges, declares:

> "We will not fail to keep our pledges because they have broken theirs or because their candidate has broken his. We therefore repeat our declaration of 1884, to wit: the reform of the civil service, auspiciously begun under Republican administration, should be completed by the further extension of the reformed system already established by law to all the grades of the service to which it is applicable. The spirit and purpose of the reform should be observed in all executive appointments, and all laws at variance with the object of existing reform legislation should be repealed, to the end that the dangers to free institutions which lurk in the power of official patronage may be wisely and effectually avoided."

This is the most comprehensive and detailed declaration upon the subject and the strongest pledge to pursue a reform policy ever made by a political Convention, and, unlike the nomination of 1884, that of 1888 did not cover the declaration and pledge with ridicule. It is one of the essential parts of the platform. The dissident Republicans might as well say that the party ought to throw over its protection plank as this plank of reform; and they must also see that to follow their advice would be to justify the vile mugwump allegation that as a party the Republican is no more a reform party than the Democratic. The Democratic Louisville *Courier-Journal* frankly hopes that the Republicans will kick out any Democrat officeholder who does not resign, and "kick him hard."

If the opponents of reform expect to carry their point, they have a much more serious task in hand than merely turning out a Democratic messenger to make place for a Republican. They have to persuade the intelligence and common-sense of the country, which have come to see that such a system is childish and extravagant, as well as a menace to the American political system and a disgrace to the American name, that they are completely mistaken, and that our institutions require the turning out of a satisfactory postmaster in the city of New York or in an Oregon village because the people are supposed to have shown that they prefer a tariff of forty-seven per cent. to a tariff of forty-two per cent. This is one of the follies, and in its consequences perils, which the country is rapidly outgrowing. During the campaign, indeed even after the emphatic declaration of the Republican platform, the subject was universally dropped from the speeches of Republican orators. But it is not dropped from the public mind, which holds that American politics are something more than a grab-game for the spoils of office. The platform declarations of both parties show the consciousness of the existence and strength of the reform sentiment, and within the Republican party, apart from its managers, this sentiment is decided.

The pressure upon the new administration, as upon that of Mr. CLEVELAND, will come from the party managers and from members of Congress, supported by that part of the Republican press which is already in full cry for spoils. It will be often veiled under the assertion that the efficiency of the service demands a change, and that it will be but fair to undo the political changes made by the present administration. General HARRISON'S convictions, courage, and confidence in the sincerity of his party's declarations will be put to the proof. We have no doubt, however, as we had none in regard to President CLEVELAND, that fidelity to honest reform will not relax, but greatly strengthen, his hold upon the country, and consequently upon his party. It is a fatal error for any public man to assume that he is stronger in the degree that he accepts the meanest and most mercenary view of men and affairs as that which is most agreeable to the people. Those who argue that everything cannot be done at once are very apt to mean that it is better to do nothing at all. Practically in the reform of the civil service nothing is required to be done at once. The effective enforcement of the reform law, which includes about fifteen thousand places, depends wholly upon the President, because it can be honestly enforced at all only by his appointment of superior officers who believe in it. Appointments and removals beyond the scope of the law can be made in its spirit without "doing everything at once." The path is perfectly plain to one who means to walk in it, and the close observation and criticism which have been maintained upon the course of Mr. CLEVELAND in this department of his duty are not likely to be relaxed during the term of General HARRISON.

THE COLUMBIA ANNEX.

IN the ninth report of the Society for the Collegiate Instruction of Women by the Faculty of Harvard College, which is just issued, we find the interesting statement:

> "We can only say that our work and our methods seem to us as good now as they did ten years ago; that time emphasizes the importance of the scheme upon which we then entered with confidence, but with less knowledge than we now possess. We feel

now a certainty which we did not then have that mental and physical health are alike safe for the woman who gives herself to the pursuit of a collegiate education, and that after she has obtained it she is as much better prepared to perform her share of the work of the world in her own sphere as a man is after he has put his mental apparatus through the same process of preparation."

This verdict of experience is especially valuable just at the time that Columbia College proposes to welcome women, under certain conditions, to all its advantages for study. The conditions are that the college for women shall have the same professors and instructors as Columbia College; that there shall be no dormitories or sleeping apartments for the girls in the college buildings or in the immediate neighborhood of Columbia College; that the college for women shall pay its own expenses, not requiring any money from Columbia College for its support; and that the trustees of the new college shall be approved by the trustees of Columbia College.

These conditions are acceptable to the ladies who are leaders of the enterprise, although they devolve upon them the task of raising the money necessary for success. But the ladies have received promises of large sums, and there are already thirty young women engaged in the studies, which they pursue as they can, and in which they are examined by the college faculty, receiving certificates according to the results of the examinations. At Harvard the annual cost of instruction is about $200, and it will probably be the same at Columbia. A noble form of charity will be free scholarships in the annex, and the progress of the movement will be watched with great interest. It is twelve years since the subject was first presented to the authorities of the college, and a petition for the admission of women to the college classes was unanimously laid upon the table; nevertheless, "far off its coming shone." The petition was but a form of an inevitable movement. Three years afterward, a proposition much more moderate was politely refused; three years later, a still gentler appeal to the trustees, signed by a great array of the most eminent names in New York, respectfully requested that they would consider how the admission of women to lectures and examinations could best be arranged; a year later the Rev. Dr. DIX, as chairman of a special committee, recommended a course of study, with examinations by the college authorities; and three or four years later, amidst the greatest interest and heaps of flowers and acclamations of delight, Columbia, at the crowded Commencement, conferred upon a woman, for the first time in America, the degree of Ph.D.

This was soon followed by the establishment of a graduate course for women, and the generous endeavor has now been crowned by the grant of permission for the foundation of the annex. It is pleasant to know that the pillars and the foundations of society remain unshaken, and the modest and gracious "sphere of woman" is uninvaded, although Columbia College has decided that her liberal and learned opportunities, her accomplished teachers, and her benignant approval shall no longer be denied to women. Yet her approval is so guarded that no one who does not object to the higher education of women as in itself undesirable can complain of the discreet conditions of the permission. Such an objection, however, is seldom heard. It is more than sixty years since the ability to read recipes for the puddings which it was her natural duty to make has been regarded as the allowable extreme of "female education." Within the same period Mrs. BARBAULD'S exhortation, alluding to flowers,

"Nor blush, my fair, to own you copy these;
Your best, your sweetest empire, is to please,"

has been seriously questioned. Mrs. SOMERVILLE, FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, DOROTHEA DIX, MARIA MITCHELL, have gravely doubted the orthodoxy of this doctrine, and Girton and Newnham, the Harvard and Columbia annexes, not to mention Vassar, Wellesley, and Smith, or Cornell and Oberlin, have conclusively challenged it. The action of Columbia College in response to a most enlightened public sentiment is a very gratifying and significant event.

OUR NEIGHBOR CANADA.

THE speech of GOLDWIN SMITH at the dinner of the Chamber of Commerce upon our relations with Canada was a delightful illustration of the spirit in which sensible and educated men discuss international relations between friendly people of the same general race, language, traditions, and political institutions. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is not one of the wisest of statesmen, but he expressed a truth which every intelligent American comprehends when he said in a recent speech that no misfortune could be greater than a serious misunderstanding and actual war between England and the United States.

The character of GOLDWIN SMITH'S speech was the more agreeable because of the growing subserviency of American domestic politics to foreign politics. By such a speech we are reminded of the kind of intelligence and sympathy in other countries with which American character and intelligence are naturally allied. The perpetual bid for the Irish vote in this country is not a sign of American independence, nor an augury of government by American intelligence. If the vote of naturalized Irishmen is to be won by flattering their hatred of England, it is because they are naturalized only in form, and are not yet Americans. No man is a good American citizen whose vote is to be gained by pleasing his sympathies in the politics of other countries.

Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH, as a Canadian, anticipates at least the commercial union of this continent, and even, when by common inclination the time shall be ripe, national union. He holds that nature has made the continent an economical whole, and to run a customs line across it is to fight against nature. To rub out such a line is as much for our interest as for that of Canada. A customs tariff barrier between New York and Ontario seems to him as much a nuisance as a similar line between New York and Pennsylvania. To rub out the line would require, of course, an assimilation of the seaboard tariffs, but it would be beneficial to both countries. That commercial union would invite political union is probable. But in no way could such union come more naturally, and with no people could it be more satisfactory than with the Canadians.

WHERE HE IS GOING.

"HARPER'S WEEKLY has a very instructive article on 'Where the Mugwumps Came From.' A more interesting question just now is where the mugwump is going to. Perhaps HARPER'S can tell us." —*Buffalo News.*

He is going to stay.

THE CHRISTMAS "HARPER."

THE seventy-eighth volume of HARPER'S MAGAZINE begins with the December number, which is just issued. It is the Christmas number, and it brings good Christmas cheer. Without exclusive devotion in its papers to Christmas-tide, it has the Christmas air and tone, and is especially what it was meant to be and has always been, a messenger of domestic peace and good-will. The profusion and variety and richness of the illustrations invest the number with a festal air, and while HOWELLS wins the reader from the charm of WALTER BESANT, and Miss WOOLSON and Miss GRACE KING pass him on to HAMILTON GIBSON, while Miss ANNA LUDLOW, STEDMAN, ALDRICH, and JAMES ROCHE are Waits who blend their tuneful voices to prelude the ancient Christmas Mystery which THEODORE CHILD recounts, and BOUGHTON and ARCHER tell their illustrated tales, and GEORGE W. SHELDON his story of an artist, the reader will agree that the editor is the right Lord of Misrule who provides such holiday fare.

THE STATUE OF MR. SEWARD.

THE city of Auburn, which was Mr. SEWARD'S home for fifty years, has properly erected a statue to its most distinguished citizen. In the early days of the Republican party, Mr. Seward, who had been an Anti-Mason and Whig, was its chief national orator, and his speech at Albany in 1855, when he left the Whig party, is still worth reading as a noble plea for the independence which should dominate adhesion to a party. It was very fortunate for the Republican party in New York that it had Mr. SEWARD for its first great leader. His buoyant but tranquil temperament, no less than his strong convictions, his humane sympathies, his philosophic mind, his legal training, with his firm but conciliatory oratorical tone, were most serviceable to a new party.

He had undoubtedly the defects of his virtues. His profound confidence in constitutional methods and the strictly political habit of his public action, if they did not conceal from him the radical nature of "the irrepressible conflict," did not forecast its probable course. That the conflict would not and could not be peacefully and temperately adjusted he seems not clearly to have perceived. In the winter preceding the nomination of Mr. LINCOLN, Mr. SEWARD said to a friend that he should be nominated at Chicago for the Presidency, and that there would be no trouble, because the Southern leaders knew that he would do nothing unconstitutional or unwise. His speech in the Senate after the election alarmed many of his old friends as indicative of a compromising tendency, and it is questionable whether there was not a feeling quite general in his party that the same tendency would have been apprehended had he become President.

In his admirable oration at the unveiling of the statue, Mr. EVARTS, who in the event of Mr. SEWARD'S nomination in 1860 would have doubtless succeeded him in the Senate, drew a comprehensive and, upon the whole, a just portrait in the naturally eulogistic tone which befits such an occasion. He properly declined comparative estimates of the services of the political chiefs during the great war. History doubtless will allot to LINCOLN in his time and circumstances, as to WASHINGTON in an earlier day, the supreme good sense which, amid momentous controversies of opinion, co-ordinated all counsel, and secured the salvation of the state. It is a matter of great public congratulation that Mr. LINCOLN'S secretaries were men worthy of his confidence, and that, in the elaborate memoir of him which they are publishing, so much which is essential to a just judgment, but which has been hitherto unknown, is coming to light. We have been hoping to see also the continuation of Mr. SEWARD'S biography, of which the first volume only is published. He is one of the chief political figures of this State and of his generation, whose great qualities and great services in the greatest epoch of our history are justly commemorated by the erection of the statue.

PERSONAL.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S purchase of his country place, Oak View, at Washington, although not intended as a real estate speculation, promises to prove profitable should he ever care to sell. He paid about $26,000 for it, and expended $8000, perhaps, in improvements. On account of the appreciation of real estate in that part of the city the place is now worth $50,000, and there are reports that the President has been offered $100,000 for it.

—Rev. Dr. THOMAS HILL, President of Harvard College from 1862 to 1868, is pastor of a Unitarian church at Portland, Maine, and has recently published a book of poems. Dr. HILL'S experience has been somewhat remarkable. He left a trade rather late in life to enter Harvard, and after graduation became a Unitarian preacher. Since his resignation from the college Presidency he has lived so quietly that he was almost overlooked at the Harvard anniversary of three years ago.

—Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Connecticut, is to have a new President in Rev. Dr. B. F. RAYMOND, a progressive and intellectual Western Methodist. He is forty years old, and at present President of Lawrence University, at Appleton, Wisconsin, where he was graduated. He finished his studies in Germany, and later filled leading appointments in New England.

—Social circles in China, from coolie to mandarin, are stirred up over the coming marriage of Emperor KWANG SU, their seventeen-year-old ruler, to Princess KAN SING, which is to take place on February 25th, the Chinese New-year's Day. The ceremonies attending the event are to cost $15,000,000, or several millions less than was originally proposed, the low state of the Celestial exchequer causing this economy. After the principal wedding the Emperor will marry four other wives, who, however, will hold an inferior position to the Empress.

—EDWARD BALDWIN COURTENAY, who succeeds to the title and estates of the Earldom of Devon, in England and Ireland, by the death of his father, WILLIAM REGINALD COURTENAY, is a notorious spendthrift. In 1872, at the age of thirty-six, his debts amounted to $3,588,305, and were principally the results of unlucky betting at horse-races.

—Rev. Dr. CHESTER D. HARTRANFT, President of the Hartford (Connecticut) Theological Seminary, and one of the most accomplished bibliographers of this country, is now preparing, under the auspices of the Schwenckfelder denomination, a history of the reformatory movement led by KASPAR SCHWENCKFELD VON OSSIG, the Silesian nobleman, in the fifteenth century. The Schwenckfelders, driven from Silesia first, and then from Saxony, came to this country in 1734, and settled in Pennsylvania, Ex-Governor HARTRANFT and his nephew, Rev. Dr. HARTRANFT, being among their descendants. The sect have subscribed $60,000 for the publication of writings illustrating their history.

—Mr. SAMUEL J. RANDALL has so far regained his health that he will probably resume his place in Congress at the coming session. He is somewhat thinner and his hair is grayer than formerly, but otherwise he does not show the effects of his serious illness.

—The Mikado has drawn a number of the educators in his realm from this country, and his latest transplantation is to be ARTHUR A. BRIGHAM, of Marlborough, Massachusetts, who is to fill the chair of agriculture in the Imperial Agricultural College of Sappora, Japan. Mr. BRIGHAM is a graduate and trustee of the Massachusetts Agricultural College at Amherst, has served in the Legislature of his State, and is a prominent Granger.

—Lord TENNYSON'S dangerous attack of rheumatic fever was brought on by his obstinate persistency in walking two hours daily, in the open air, regardless of the weather. The exposure came near terminating the poet's career, but he is now much better.

—Advocacy of a revival of the whipping-post in Connecticut is said to have checked the political career of LORENZO BLACKSTONE, the Norwich millionnaire, who died recently. He had risen to a place in the State Senate, and was prominently talked of as the Republican nominee for Governor, when he made his fatal mistake.

—Mrs. ELIZA S. WEBSTER JONES, the youngest daughter of NOAH WEBSTER, of spelling-book and dictionary fame, died recently at Bridgeport, Connecticut. She was so little at the time of her birth that her nurse could put her in a common-sized silver tankard and shut the lid, and yet she lived to be eighty-five years old.

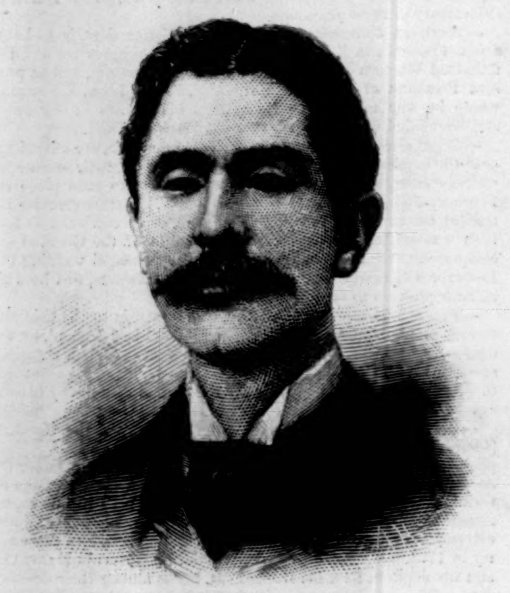
—Prominent Irishmen in this country believe that witnesses for the London *Times*, in its case against PARNELL, are being prompted by "Red JIM" McDERMOTT, the whilom Republican partisan and heeler in Brooklyn, who afterward showed his hand so clearly as a spy of the British government. McDERMOTT is now living in the suburbs of London, supposably on the rewards for his treachery against his countrymen.

—Few Dartmouth College graduates did not know E. C. CORRIGAN, the young law partner of General B. F. BUTLER, who dropped dead on a railroad train in Colorado the other day. The energetic way in which he collected funds for the college boat club from alumni, the vigor with which he championed, while yet a student, the losing cause of a condemned Vermont murderer whose conviction he considered unjust, his enterprising work as a newspaper reporter, and the enviable record he made when principal of the Boston evening high-school, and later as a member of the Massachusetts Board of Education, all helped to win him a reputation of which any young man might be proud. He was graduated with honor at Dartmouth in 1877, having worked his way through college, and at the time of his death was travelling counsel for Miss MARY IRENE HOYT, the eccentric young woman who is fighting for a few of the millions which her father left. CORRIGAN enlisted as a drummer-boy in a Vermont regiment in 1863, when he was twelve years old, and served through the war, being the youngest soldier from that State.

—The friends of Mrs. General SHERIDAN are raising a fund of $100,000 for her, as the estate left by her husband will yield but a small income. Among the contributors to the fund is Vice-President-elect MORTON.

—THOMAS DREW, a quaint and sturdy character, whose especial influence was felt in the abolitionist party before the war, has just passed away at Dorchester, Massachusetts. He was the associate of WENDELL PHILLIPS, SUMNER, HENRY WILSON, JOHN A. ANDREW, and other prominent men, and in the 'forties, during the four years' absence of ELIHU BURRITT, "the learned blacksmith," on a mission abroad to advocate universal peace and the disarmament of the European nations, Mr DREW edited the *Christian Citizen*, at Worcester, Massachusetts, and doubled its circulation. During the heat of the free-soil agitation he did good work for the cause on the Worcester *Spy*. In 1869 he was sentenced to twenty-five days in the Suffolk County jail for contumacy by the Massachusetts Senate, because he refused to testify when brought before a joint committee of the Legislature on the unjustified charge of bribing members of that body in the interest of a railroad company. He claimed that the committee was extrajudicial. His personal appeal led President LINCOLN, during the war, to remove the obstacles to recruiting colored troops in the Bay State. Of late years he had been interested in various business enterprises, and was a diligent contributor to the Boston newspapers.

—The Harvard College Observatory is about to send out an important expedition, with the double purpose of observing the coming total eclipse of the sun from a point on the California coast, and also of establishing an adjunct observatory near Lima, Peru, which shall co-operate in the southern hemisphere with the home institution in the study of the heavens. The party will consist of W. A. PICKERING, chief of the department of photography of the observatory, A. LAWRENCE ROTCH, the meteorologist, SAMUEL BAILEY, E. S. KING, and ROBERT BLACK, and their equipment will include telescopes and spectroscopes for photographic and photometric observations, and many other instruments of subordinate service. For observing the eclipse they will take a position near the town of Willow in the Sacramento Valley, about two hundred miles from San Francisco, and at an altitude of two thousand feet above the sea. After the eclipse Mr. BAILEY will proceed to Peru with a portion of the equipment, and will be joined later by Mr. PICKERING. Some of the apparatus will be retained in California temporarily, and put into service on Wilson's Peak, in the southern part of the State, to aid wealthy friends of the University of Southern California in establishing an observatory, which is expected to rival the Lick Observatory, and excel its big telescope of thirty-six inch aperture with one of forty inches.



HON. PERRY BELMONT, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO SPAIN.
[See Page 918.]

THE LATE HENRY B. SANDS, M.D.

THE LATE REAR-ADMIRAL BALDWIN.—[See Page 918.]

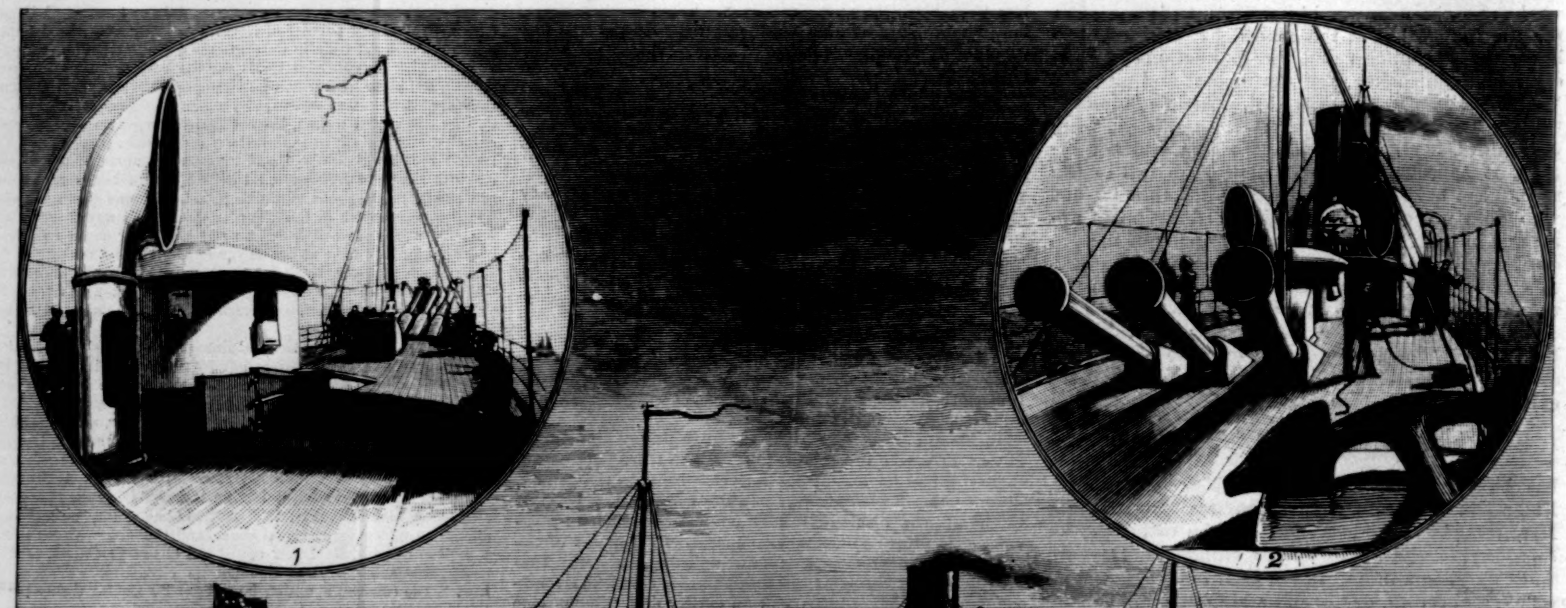
HENRY BARTON SANDS.

Dr. Henry B. Sands died on Sunday, November 19th, in his carriage, while returning from a visit to a patient. His death was so sudden that almost before there could be a thought of succor, life was extinct. For him, whose accurate perceptions, clear judgment, and ready hand were so thoroughly trained to help others in such emergencies, there was no help. Sudden death is sometimes regarded as the most desirable, because we contrast it, in thought, with the lingering misery of death in its more ordinary aspect, and see in it simply death without disease. This view is only partly true, for the vital machinery does not fail so suddenly unless it has been previously crippled and disordered; and we must reflect that though the disease was not one of the more demonstrative kind, it was not less certainly sapping the citadel of nature, and that its ravages were not, perhaps, unguessed at by the victim.

For twenty-five years Dr. Sands had been very near the front, or at the front, in all the great surgery practised upon this community, and for many years has done all the surgical operations in one of our great hospitals, in addition to those of private practice. The mere work of this, regarded only as work in the plain practical sense, was very great and very wearing; but people are too much accustomed to regarding the surgeon as a creature hardened by habit into a kind of cutting automaton to be able to imagine the tax made by his practice upon the emotional nature of a sensitive and sympathetic gentleman. It would, perhaps, be more just to regard Dr. Sands as the victim of those years of devotion than as one taken suddenly without a pang from a world of trouble. He is one of the few natives of the city who captured the great prizes in the fierce competitions of city life. Perhaps it is not an accident that the men who rise to the first places in all spheres of intellectual activity in the city—in commerce, law, medicine, or politics—are, as a rule, men from other places. This is true not merely of our own city, but of London and Paris as well. The city prizes tempt the ardor of the youth of a nation.

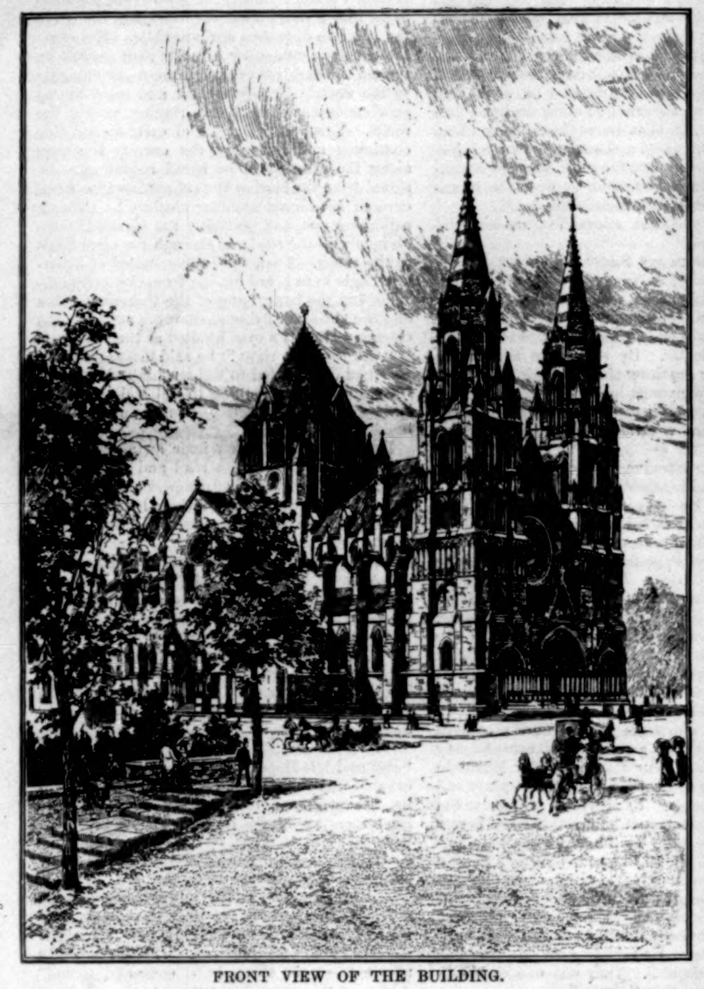
In the generation that went immediately before Sands, the distinguished surgeons of the city were drawn from Massachusetts, South Carolina, Pennsylvania, and Germany; but Sands was born, studied, labored, taught, and died within gunshot of the old site of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in Twenty-third Street—gunshot for modern gunnery, of course. He was a city boy through and through, and was born in the Bowery in 1830. He was one of those thin, fine, delicate boys, with large, very bright eyes and ample forehead, commonly looked upon as unlikely to go far in the battle of life. But great intelligence, industry, and tenacity told their story, as they always will, and at twenty-seven he was Demonstrator of Anatomy in his college, and a man to be consulted by the big-wigs themselves on nice anatomical problems.

From that time his life was part of the history of the college. Robert Watts was then Professor of Anatomy, and Dr. Sands succeeded to that chair in 1867. He held it for twelve years, and accomplished what is little less than a marvel in making the bones themselves themes of interest. In 1879 he went higher. Dr. Willard Parker had resigned the chair of Surgery in 1870, and had been succeeded by Dr. T. M. Markoe, for many years before Adjunct Professor; but in 1879 a division was made, and Dr. Markoe was appointed Professor of the Principles of Surgery, and Dr. Sands Professor of the Practice of Surgery. He held this chair until his death, was an eminently successful teacher, and is a great loss to his college. He was one of the surgeons of the Roosevelt Hospital from the day it opened, and established in that hospital in 1882 the existing system of single and continuous service—a system of unintermitting labor for the surgeon himself. As an operator he seemed to give a new and fresh meaning to the word skilful. There was no random cutting in what he did. The instructed intelligence reached to the very point of the knife. Every touch was made with purpose, and made in a way to accomplish the purpose. He was confident, certain, clean, and under his touch the living anatomy was as definite as a preparation in papier-maché. He was also superior in diagnosis, and very eminent indeed in ripened judgment as to the timeliness and expediency of operation. In his time conservative surgery had conquered a new domain. Surgery had not a great while since an almost superstitious dread of interference with the abdominal cavity, and if one were wounded there, the surgeons only looked on to see him die. But anæsthetics, antiseptics, and some other happy discoveries in the control of inflammation have opened that region to operative assistance, and in this field Dr. Sands was eminently successful. He was, that is to say, conspicuous in the front rank in the greatest progressive march made by his profession in our time.



THE UNITED STATES PNEUMATIC DYNAMITE GUN CRUISER "VESUVIUS."—Drawn by F. C. Schell.—[See Page 918.]

1. Looking forward. 2. Looking aft; Dynamite Guns in Foreground.

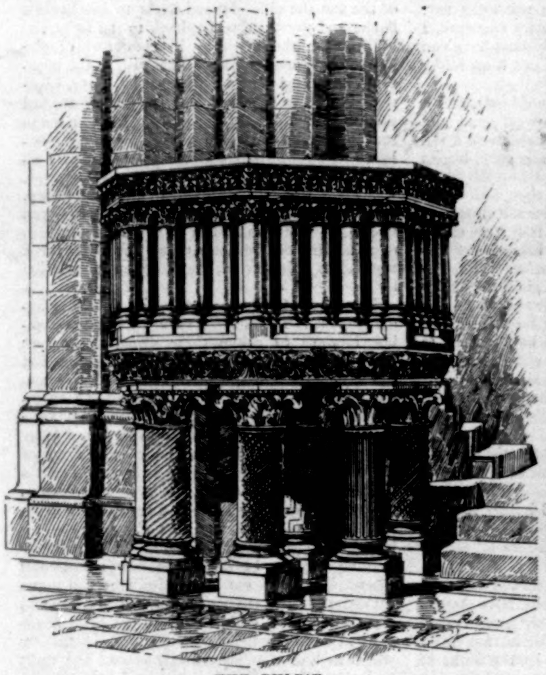


FRONT VIEW OF THE BUILDING.

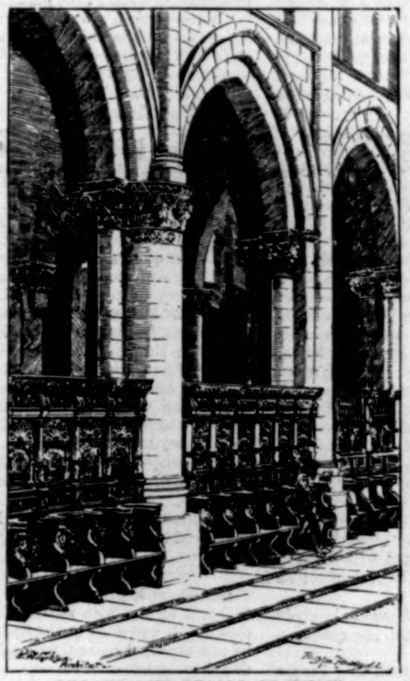
A PILLAR IN THE CHOIR.

SANCTUARY CHAIR.

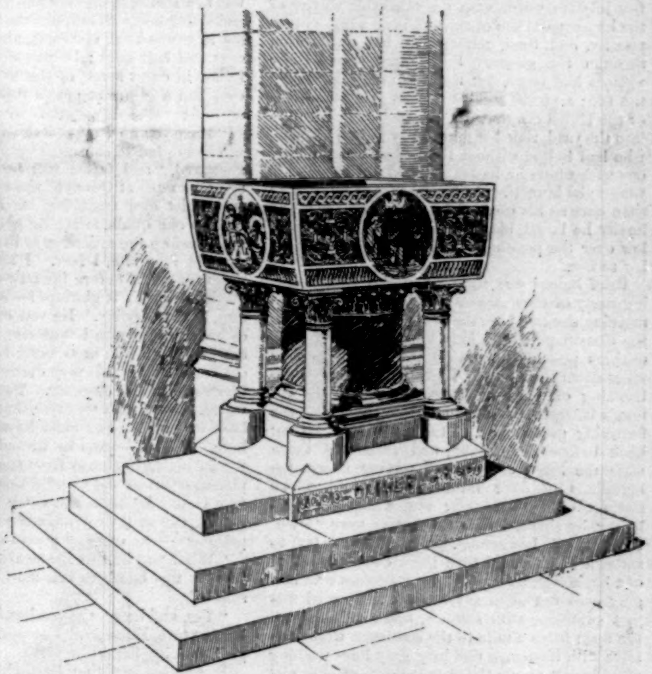
NAVE AND CHANCEL.



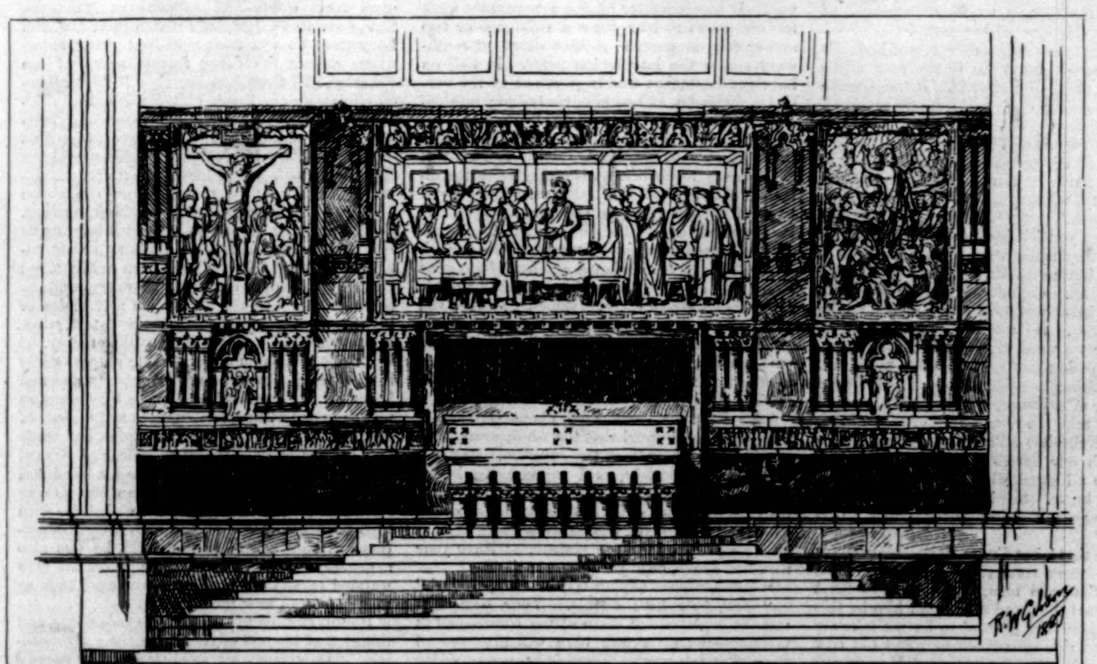
THE PULPIT.



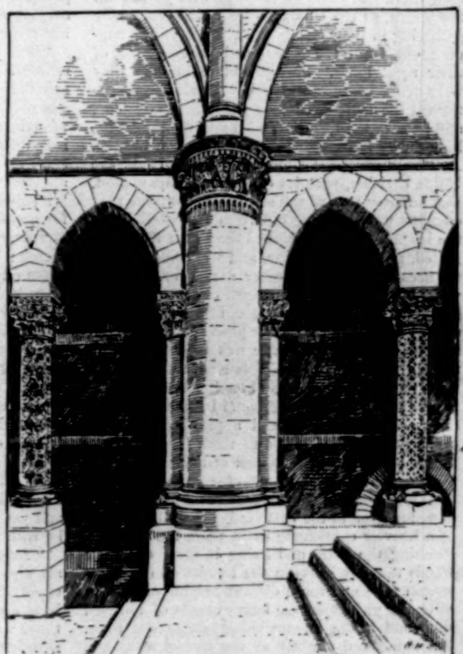
PILLARS AND STALLS OF CHOIR.



THE FONT.



THE REREDOS.



THE MARGARET PILLAR, TO THE MEMORY OF THE BISHOP'S DAUGHTER.

THE NEWLY DEDICATED CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF ALL-SAINTS, OF THE DIOCESE OF ALBANY.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley.—[See Page 919.]

BETWEEN THE LINES.

(*Continued from front page.*)

one that no man could look upon and forget. The old house stood on the eastern slope of a range of heavily wooded heights. Eastward the woods and fields fell away almost abruptly for a hundred yards or so, and then, like the *falda* of the Western Sierras, glided into almost imperceptible gradations as they joined the general contours of the surface that stretched in alternate field and forest until bounded by the distant heights along the horizon. All across this twenty-mile-wide valley the shadows of the silvery clouds were slowly sailing. Northward it narrowed, and was flanked by higher heights and sharper curves. The woods were darker too, and the little farm-houses peeping out here and there in the sunshine were brighter by contrast. Southward, three or four miles away, was a dusty high-road, with what looked like a railway embankment alongside, leading through open country to a little patch of houses perhaps eight or nine miles to the southeast. There it joined another high-road, broad and dusty too, for great clouds of reddish-tinted mist were rising high and betraying its line of direction even after it was lost in the thick woods beyond the hamlet.

It seemed to bear straight away over intervening swell and shallow, dipping here and there into the bed of some little stream, until it reached the upland slope far to the east, and found its terminus in the clump of white houses that glistened in the sunshine on the distant heights of Centreville. The white, gleaming dots upon the dark background were plainly visible to the naked eye here at Hopewell.

Beyond the first hamlet the ground began to rise toward the southeast, and a great bare plain could be dimly seen through rifts in the dust clouds that rose from the highway—a plain that was overhung by a pall of smoke rising from the unseen fires of a recent conflagration.

All the night before, the skies had been lurid with the glare far over there above Manassas, and there had been excitement and anxiety and enthusiasm—all commingled—at the old homestead. No one slept, for every little while there came hoof-beats along the road and animated voices, and frequently the riders had turned in at the open gateway, thrown themselves from their panting steeds, exchanged a few jubilant words with the venerable master of the house, partaken of the unfailing Virginia hospitality, and then, remounting, had pushed on through the gloom. Soon after sunup other visitors had come, but these the old man would not see; and the tall lieutenant in the uniform of the Union cavalry, who spurred so confidently into the yard, rode laughing away to join his men, who had halted without the hedge, and the only one with whom he had exchanged a word was the young girl herself. At her he looked back more than once as his escort went clattering away, and finally he bared his handsome head and bowed low over the pommel of his saddle—unmistakably to her.

Brief indeed was the visit of this little scouting party of blue jackets; but all the rest of the morning she could see the dust clouds rising along the distant pike, and long lines of cavalry skirmishers pushing up toward the great gap four miles down the range. Then there had been the booming of guns at Thoro'fare; and the old man's battered telescope had told them that the fluttering guidons far to the south were falling back before the cannon, and then that those were the Stars and Stripes waving above the battalions of dark infantry deploying to the support of the troopers; and a neighbor galloping by shouted that the Yanks were "tryin' to shet off Longstreet. Might's well try to squelch hell." And then there came the sound of a bugle close at hand, and the negroes with bulging eyes ran in to say the mountain road was just swarming with soldiers, and surely enough the open fields a mile to the southeast were soon alive with horsemen and long gray lines pushing steadily down upon the distant ranks of blue, and then there had been an hour of wild jubilee on the piazza, as the Union forces were seen slowly gathering in their clouds of skirmishers and slipping out from the threatened envelopment of their right flank. Slowly and stubbornly they were retiring—but retiring beyond all question—toward the little hamlet on the Warrenton pike, and as they went, so advanced and developed the long dusky lines under the red field and blue St. Andrew's cross. When five o'clock came, the Union division, with its cavalry accompaniment, was far over toward the southeast; no more gray columns were striding out from Hopewell Pass; the brigades that threatened the Union flank had halted, gone into bivouac, and were building little fires down in the timber a mile or so away, while a whole division tramped out into the open fields in front of Thoro'fare, and the batteries trotted down and took their places in the brigade intervals as line of battle was reformed; then the old man shut his telescope with a snap, and worn out with long hours of excitement and vigil, possibly, too, slightly overcome by the combined effects of enthusiasm and apple-jack, he was easily persuaded to go to his room for a sleep.

But his daughter remained at her post on the piazza. She would not go—for anything. The guns had ceased their thunder close at hand, but now, far over to the eastward, the dull booming of a heavier cannonade burst upon the ear, and levelling the glass and fixing it upon the dark woods that lay between the hamlet on the Warrenton pike and those distant heights of Centreville, the girl could see heavy clouds of mingled dust and battle smoke rising above the trees. She shuddered slightly as she turned away and spoke to a young woman—a mulatto—who stood silently by: "They are fighting over there, beyond Gainesville, terribly, Hannah. It must be Stonewall Jackson; and yet they all said last night he was at Manassas, and had captured everything there."

"I know that, Miss Lucy," was the answer, spoken with hardly a trace of the negro intonation and dialect; "but all day long the Federals have been marching through Gainesville. Young Marse Anderson rode by when you were with the judge in-doors; he said there was thousands and thousands of them, and they was going to try and surround him before General Lee could get there to help him. Where is Marse Henry now, Miss Lucy?"

"God knows! With Stuart somewhere. He cannot be far away, and yet he could not be near without coming to see us. We have not set eyes on him since last March. Nothing but those hateful Yankee uniforms have I seen in the road until this blessed day. Thank God for another look at the gray! Thank God!" she repeated, fervently, as she gazed with moistening eyes at the fluttering patches of color down in the distant fields where here and there the St. Andrew's cross waved above some battalion forming line. The sun had sunk behind the ridge, twilight was settling down upon the valley, the little bivouac fires glimmered here and there in the timber, and far away over the intervening lowlands, far over among the dense woods to the north of Manassas, there still rumbled the thunder of those sullen guns, and one broad clearing, faintly discernible through the glass, was lighted by the lurid flash and glare of the incessant volleyings of battling hosts. It was the evening of the 28th of August, 1862, and the opening chorus of second Bull Run.

Presently the now familiar sound of hoof-beats rapidly advancing was heard upon the road without, and two horsemen in gray uniform came at the gallop to the gateway. The man in front—tall, dark, slenderly and gracefully made—threw his reins to his follower as he dismounted, and then walked, with clinking spurs and trailing scabbard, straight across the lawn to the house, an eager light in his eyes as he caught sight of the girl standing there half hidden by the vines. She, on the contrary, drew back slightly, and the sweet face that had flushed with hope and anticipation as the horsemen came in sight, now paled a little as she recognized the arriving soldier.

He raised his broad-brimmed slouch hat as he sprang up the steps, and held forth his right hand. His uniform of gray with its sleeve-knots of gold was new and rich, his sash and gauntlets and belts and riding-boots all bespoke the "dandy" soldier; his face was oval, clear cut, and handsome; his eyes and hair dark; he was a most presentable fellow in every sense of the word, and the dark eyes had a gleam of gentle reproach in them as he said:

"Have you no word of welcome for me, Lucy?"

"I *am* glad to see you, Captain Falconer," she answered, "and father will be overjoyed. You bring us news of Henry?" she asked, eagerly, the soft violet eyes searching his face for the first time in one quick, sweeping glance, then falling again before the ardent gaze in his.

"Not very late, I fear. I have not seen him since the night before Stuart's dash on Catlett's Station—wasn't it glorious?—but I've heard of him, only yesterday. He was carrying despatches 'cross country to Longstreet, and the chances are he is with him or General Lee over at Salem or White Plains this very evening, and you'll see him early in the morning. This is only our advance. But didn't we drive that Yankee division back in style? You must have seen it all from here. That is"—and he turned and looked into the gathering darkness from the south end of the piazza—"all except the fight close in by Thoro'fare Gap. My squadron came within an ace of getting two of their guns, and we did capture two prisoners—one of them a cavalry officer."

"What was he like?" she asked, with interest. "There was one here this morning, scouting; he said—"

"Yes, and he was just as handsome as he could be, Captain Falconer," interposed the quadroon girl, showing her white teeth.

It was evident that Hannah had long been a privileged character at the homestead, and also evident that the captain totally disapproved of her remarks. He ignored her entirely.

"This young fellow seems to be one of Buford's cavalry. I hardly fancy he is the man to be scouting these roads by himself. It takes nerve and pluck to separate one's self from the main column in these days. You never know what you may meet in this part of Virginia." And it would seem as though the young captain desired her to appreciate the risk he ran in coming to see her. "I suppose the country has been full of Yanks for months past."

"Ever since you fell back from Manassas last March; but they rarely come up here. We are miles off the beaten tracks, and have hardly been disturbed at all. Captain Falconer," she said, suddenly, "I know you want to see father, but he is sleeping now. He was awake all last night, for of course we were wild with delight and excitement at seeing our soldiers once more, and hearing of Jackson's splendid march. Do come in and let me offer you some refreshment, and bid your orderly take the horses around to the barn. I think old Nelse has still a little forage hidden away, though our horses are gone. Then you shall tell me all about what has been going on. I am wild to know. See how dark it is growing, and yet they are still fighting over yonder. God be with us!"

"Amen to that! but I'm anxious. Jackson is all alone in there somewhere with only some twenty-five thousand men, and the Yanks must have a hundred thousand all around him by this time. I begged the general to let me take my squadron and ride over there and find out how things were going, but he refused. He said the country was full of Yankee cavalry, but I warrant we could have got through. Tell me about the party here this morning. Did they attempt any insolence?" and he twirled his mustaches fiercely.

"Not at all. Only this officer entered the gate. He was very polite, and merely asked if this was Judge Armistead's, and on my saying yes, he asked to see him. Father declined, and sent word to him that he could conceive of no possible reason why he should request an interview. Hannah brought the reply, and also a mandate that I should come in at once, for meantime we had entered into conversation."

"I thought you were a loyal Virginia girl, and hated a Yankee."

"I am loyal to my State and to my people, Captain Falconer, as you very well know," answered Miss Armistead, with flashing eyes. "His remarks were merely complimentary to the beauty of the neighborhood in general, and to old Hector there in particular. He seemed to admire the dog more than anything about the place."

"Even its fair young mistress?"

"Even its young mistress," she answered, flushing with evident vexation at the tone of the inquiry.

"And did he introduce himself? I take it for granted he made some overtures."

"He did. He begged pardon for intruding; said his orders required him to see if the family were still residing here, as it was known that this was the home of Captain Henry Armistead, of the —th Virginia Cavalry. I replied that I was proud to say it was; and then he startled me by saying that he had known him well three years before, and gave his name—Lieutenant Kearny, of the New Jersey Cavalry. I was so surprised at what he told me of having known Henry that I couldn't say another word. Then he rode away."

Falconer's eyes gleamed with an angry light. "I know well who he is. They were at college and in the same class, and it was that same Kearny who rode through our lines at Cedar Mountain two weeks ago and carried off Frank Pegram and Eustis as prisoners. By Heaven! my men would give their souls to catch him, and if I run across him in this campaign 'twill be his last ride in Virginia. Why, Lucy, he was your brother's guest a week at Richmond only two winters ago, and now he is an invader of the State whose hospitality he accepted. Which way did they go?"

"Down that very road; but he turned off eastward at the lane. He said he must ride in search of General McDowell. That was one of his divisions down there at the gap."

"Yes — Rickett's division, the prisoners say. But if Mr. Kearny cut 'cross country eastward, I don't envy him his reception. He must have run slap in among Jackson's people; and if so, Libby will get him, not I."

Just then there came other hoof-beats, and a panting steed galloped up the wood road and into the open gate. Another moment, and a tall young officer, also in Confederate gray, leaped from the saddle and bounded lightly up the steps. Miss Armistead started forward, then with a joyous, half-articulate cry threw herself into the stranger's arms. For a moment they were clasped in each other's embrace, he kissing her rippling hair and smooth white forehead, she sobbing with excitement, relief, and gladness on his breast. At last, as she raised her tearful eyes to look at him, he inquired, "How's father?"

"Well; sleeping just now, but he'll be wild to see you, Harry," she sobbed, still clinging to him. "Now let me go. I'll run and wake him."

Then the tall dark soldier stepped forward from the shadows, holding forth his hand. "Welcome home, Armistead," he said.

The younger man started slightly, then recovering himself, replied in a tone that utterly lacked cordiality.

"Oh! is that you, Falconer? I hardly thought to see you here."

II.

Lieutenant Kearny had indeed turned eastward on reaching the lane indicated by Miss Armistead, but it was early in the morning, and before he had marched more than a mile in that direction his attention was arrested by the sight of distant troops of horse far down toward the railway. It was a matter of but a moment's work for his escort to tear down a rail-fence or two and enable the party to make a short-cut southward across the intervening fields. In half an hour the lieutenant was in presence of the cavalry commander, and making his report; no Confederate troops were in sight from Hopewell Gap, but heavy clouds of dust were rising from the road west of Thoro'fare, and it was evident that strong forces were advancing from the direction of Salem and White Plains. The general listened attentively, was silent a moment, and then replied:

"That accords with the reports from our advance. We have a regiment and some light guns at the Gap already, but can hardly hold it against Longstreet's whole corps. Which way were you going, sir?"

"Back to find General McDowell. He sent me up from Buckland Mills last night. I reported to your adjutant-general as I passed the brigade, sir."

"He must be somewhere about Gainesville now, and I understand that the whole army is directed to concentrate on the Junction. Jackson was there last night, as I suppose you know. Look yonder!" And General Buford turned in his saddle and pointed off to the southeast, where dense clouds of black smoke were rising high in air above the well-known plateau. "Have your men had coffee, or anything to eat?"

"Nothing since supper last evening, general."

"Well, halt here awhile. Your own regiment is deployed out there at the front—just at the Gap—but my people here will give you all the coffee you want. There is no use in riding after General McDowell yet. Wait an hour or so and you'll have something to tell him."

Gladly enough Lieutenant Kearny led his little party into a grove near the road-side, and gave the order to dismount and unsaddle. Meantime the cavalry commander with his staff pushed on toward the dark pass through the rugged heights to the west. Already a brisk and rapid fire of small-arms could be heard ringing among the rocks. Then, as the rattle of carbine and rifle continued and increased, the cavalry trumpets along the pike could be heard repeating some signal from the head of the column, and the dust-covered squadrons ambling placidly by took up a jingling trot, and presently the rearmost went obliquely off the road and through the open fields to the south. Then the hoarser notes of a battery bugle were heard blaring from the rocky hillsides, and the bang, bang of the three-inch rifles and the shriek of flying shells were added to the clamor. Kearny's eyes kindled at the sound.

"Old Buford's right!" he said to a staff-officer who had dismounted to tighten his saddle-girth. "There will be something to tell McDowell, and in less than an hour, too. Hurry up with your breakfast, men."

In much less than an hour an aide-de-camp came galloping down the road and reined in at sight of the little party of troopers already "saddled up" and standing at their horses' heads, while their chargers were busily cropping at the scant herbage.

"Is this Lieutenant Kearny?" asked the aide.

"Ay, ay. What's wanted?"

"General Buford wishes you to ride at once to General McDowell, and tell him that Longstreet's whole corps is at the Gap and deploying to attack. You can leave your escort here to rejoin their regiment, but take an orderly with you. The road is open back of you, and Stuart nowhere near. That is, so far as we know," and the aide-de-camp grinned.

"I understand," was Kearny's quiet answer. "But as I left Hopewell this morning I could see cavalry crossing the open fields over toward Sudley Springs, north of the pike. I counted at least three regiments through my glass. Who were they?"

"None of ours, you can bet—and Stuart likely enough. He was at Manassas last evening. You'll have to keep your eye peeled, young man. Good-day to you. Lord! hear those guns! If we had McDowell's whole corps here I doubt if we could hold those fellows. They know every rabbit track in those hills, confound them!" And with this outspoken tribute to the efficiency of the foe the aide clapped heels to his horse's flanks and went sputtering back to the front.

Directing the sergeant in command of the little detachment to report forthwith to the adjutant of the regiment with the entire party, Lieutenant Kearny mounted and trotted off toward the distant hamlet of Gainesville. His own horse was in prime condition, a capital, mettlesome fellow, and he himself was an accomplished horseman. The "mount" of his escort, on the contrary, was jaded from the fortnight of hard marching, scouting, and skirmishing that had followed Cedar Mountain, and when he came to look them over he did not see one that seemed fit for a rapid ride. He started, therefore, on his mission all alone.

For the first mile he met the inevitable stragglers from the command, some of them hastening forward to rejoin their squadrons, others lounging by the road-side in evident disinclination to march to the sound of the guns. Every moment the cannonade at the Gap seemed to increase in fierceness; but little by little, as he rode southeastward, the wind carried the sound away from him, and by the time he caught sight of the roofs of Gainesville the roar had died into a faint and almost inaudible rumble. Far down to the south, where lay the broad turnpike to Warrenton, he could see the dust clouds mounting high in the sultry air, telling of marching columns that he knew to be the Union forces hastening eastward to carry out Pope's jubilant and hopeful order to "bag the entire crowd." Daring and wellnigh reckless as Jackson had ever been, never yet had he essayed so perilous a move as this, by which he had marched entirely around the right and rear of the Union army, and swept down upon their trains and supplies at Manassas. Now, separated a full day's march from Lee and Longstreet, he was known to be lurking somewhere among the dense forests north of the Junction, and Pope had launched Sigel, McDowell, Heintzelman, Reno, Phil Kearny, and Porter to hem him in, head him off, and overwhelm him before relief could possibly come. Just how many men he had, no one within the Union lines could tell. Anywhere from thirty to sixty thousand was the estimate, and the Union force was big enough to handle either number. Young Kearny's heart beat high with hope as he trotted rapidly eastward. He was an ardent patriot, an enthusiastic soldier, a born cavalryman; and all through the campaign his energy and enthusiasm had won the admiration and praise of his superiors. Just after Cedar Mountain, while in command of a troop out on picket duty, he had made a dash on a Confederate outpost while it was occupied by a reconnoitring party, and had borne off two distinguished young Virginians as prisoners, not without a sharp fight and the loss of three of his own men; but the exploit had made him famous in the cavalry brigade, and Bayard himself had ridden down to shake his hand and congratulate him. An envied man was Kearny from that day, but a popular one withal, for with high health, high spirits, and high social connections, without a care in the world, he was also a generous and manly comrade whom all men warmed to, and his face and form were such as women love to look upon.

He was smiling to himself as he rode along, and thinking of his odd adventure of the early morning. "Only fancy my meeting Hal Armistead's sister in such a way!" he thought. "She looked hostile enough to freeze a man, and yet how

sweetly pretty! I don't think I ever saw a lovelier face. Halloa! Who comes *here*, I wonder?"

Spurring rapidly toward him, his horse covered with dashes of foam, an officer came riding at the gallop, followed by a couple of troopers. As soon as he sighted Kearny he lay back in the saddle and pulled hard at the reins, gradually bringing his charger down to a walk, and then signalling that he wished to speak. Kearny reined in as they came together, and seeing the silver leaves on the other's shoulder-strap, raised his gauntlet in salute.

"Where are you from, sir, and where are you going?" was the sharp question.

"From General Buford, with a message for General McDowell."

"Look well to your left, then, as you go. Rebel cavalry are in those woods off yonder. What news from the Gap! Is Longstreet there?"

"In force, sir—and fighting through when I left."

"Then you cannot get to the general too soon. I'll push forward. You will find him somewhere about Gainesville now, and take my advice—get off this road and go through the fields until you reach the Warrenton pike; then turn eastward. It's a long way round, but there's danger ahead of you. Who are you, may I ask?"

"Lieutenant Kearny, sir—New Jersey Cavalry."

"Oh! I'm glad to meet you, my lad. I've heard of you before. Good-day again. I must hurry. Don't forget about those rebs over there;" and with that the field-officer again rode on.

Kearny looked about him. Off to the south all the fields were open, though crossed in many places by the inevitable "snake" or rail fence that still remained in those sections of the State where large bodies of troops had not happened to camp. Anywhere within three miles of a martial garrison, however, the fences had long since gone as fuel. "It would not be difficult to make a way through those fields and fences," thought Kearny, "but even when I reach the Warrenton pike it will doubtless be crowded with wagons and stragglers. I'll find myself miles behind McDowell, and will have hard work to push through the crowd and catch him. No! I'll risk it and stick to the road. It all looks safe enough off there to the left, and the colonel said I could not reach McDowell too soon."

So communing with himself, the lieutenant drew forth his watch, noted the time—8.45—and with one look at the caps of his revolvers, he pushed ahead at a rapid lope. Off to the eastward—his left front—the ground rose and fell in graceful undulations, open clearings and cultivated fields, with here and there a little patch of forest. Cavalry could be hidden among those trees, to be sure, but the nearest groves seemed full six hundred yards away from the high-road, and with that much start no horse in Virginia could catch him in a rush 'cross country. They might head him off the beaten track, but that was the worst he anticipated. Far away toward Sudley Springs, through the openings among the trees, he twice fancied he saw little bodies of horse; but there was no time to unsling his glass and rein in and look. He had ridden a full mile since leaving the staff-officer who stopped him, and was just trotting over a rise, when, down in the shallow valley just in front, and not five hundred yards away to the left of the road, he saw a sight that made his heart leap up in his throat. A little knot of troopers, with broad-brimmed slouch hats and uniforms of dusty gray, were watering their horses at a little pool in the brook that crossed the roadway from the south. Another minute and one of them glanced up and saw him. Before he had time to think, the whole party, six in number, had clapped spurs to their horses and came dashing down upon him. Kearny was no coward—he had showed the mettle of his race before now—but he felt his nerves quiver and his heart beat like a hammer as he gave one quick glance around him. It was possible to whirl about and retreat along the road until once more he found himself within the sheltering lines of Buford's cavalry brigade; he might tear down the topmost rail or two and then jump "Ramapo" over the others, but both courses would take him miles out of his way, and the message to McDowell would be delayed or abandoned entirely. Devoted soldier that he was, he reasoned with the quickness of thought that that would never do; then, setting his teeth and gripping his revolver, he struck spurs to his charger's flanks, and, to the amaze of the attacking party, shot straight ahead down the slope and across their very front. Instantly they opened out, those who were farthest to the east veering to the left in wide circle so as to strike the road in front of him and head him off. Kearny bent low over his horse's neck and urged him to his utmost speed, and in less time than it takes to pen the line, despite the yells of "Halt," accompanied by whistling pistol-balls and a scattering volley of inelegant epithets, he whirled beyond range of those who had headed straight for the little rise, and the next instant was leaping the brook down in the shallow flats just as two of his pursuers cleared the low stone wall to his left and came dashing into the road, one in front, the other behind him. "Halt! halt!" are the yells, and then bang! bang! went both pistols, but with no apparent effect on either horse or rider. Bang! went his own trusty Colt as he flashed by the venturesome trooper who had leaped in front of him, and in another moment, as he raced up the slope on the eastern side of the brook and glanced over his shoulder, he could see that his shot had taken effect in the trooper's horse. Already he was down on his knees and his rider springing off. Reaching the crest of the gentle rise, Kearny found himself unpursued, the troopers wisely abstaining from the chase of such a runner as "Ramapo," so his rider reined him in, and stopping a moment, shouted back his laughing defiance at the disconcerted knot of foemen down by the brook. The wounded horse had by this time rolled over on his side, and his late rider was bending sadly over him. They looked up a moment as Kearny halted on the ridge, full five hundred yards away, but paid no further attention to him. The next moment, as he turned to resume his ride, with Gainesville and the marching columns of infantry only a mile or so ahead, he suddenly found himself joined by a tall stranger, in civilian dress, who trotted out of a little lane to the right, and who surprised him with the quiet remark,

"You ride mighty well for a Jerseyman!"

"How did you know I was a Jerseyman?" asked Kearny, suspiciously. His breath was still coming fast and his heart beating heavily.

"I've seen you before," was the reply, "and seeing you were in for a scrape here, I rode across to help you out. You didn't need it, though. That's a fine horse of yours, lieutenant."

"The horse is all right, but I want to know who you are, and how it happens a man in civilian dress is riding about here between the two armies?" was Kearny's natural inquiry.

"I am in the service, and on a mission as important as your own. You are carrying despatches, I presume?" and the stranger eyed him closely.

"Service! What service? See here, my friend, if you are in the military service you ought to know enough to prove your identity. What duty are you on?"

"Scouting," was the laconic answer. "And here's my credentials," he added, slowly, as he lugged from an inside pocket a small flat package done up in oiled silk. "I am in the secret service, and know every inch of this country hereabouts."

"All right. I don't want your papers. I've no time. Was General McDowell in Gainesville when you left there?"

"I didn't leave there."

"Where *did* you come from, then?"

The stranger smiled.

"Never mind, lieutenant; I see you're in a hurry and want to get on. Give my respects to General McDowell when you see him, and tell him to look out for that Gap up yonder. And you take my advice: Don't you go fooling round these roads alone another time; and the next visit you pay to Judge Armistead and that pretty daughter of his, you take a powerful big escort with you, and watch out for a Captain Falconer."

And before Kearny could recover from his astonishment or ask another question, the stranger had shifted a quid of tobacco in his jaws, leaped his raw-boned horse over a low fence to the left of the road, and then went loping easily over the fields in the direction of Aldie Gap.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A PECCARY HUNT IN NORTHERN MEXICO.

Having been an ardent sportsman all my life, I was greatly interested in the accounts of the peculiar delights of the pursuit of the peccary, as narrated by a mining engineer of my acquaintance, as we sat conversing in the court of an adobe hotel situated in the Mexican town of Hermosillo, state of Sonora. Upon my expressing a desire to participate in an affair of the sort, my friend invited me to go out into the country and try it with him, a suggestion of which I quickly availed myself. As the train on the Sonora Railroad was about leaving for the north, we drove to the depot and boarded it. We travelled some hours, and then alighted at a station with an unpronounceable name. The Sonora River flows through the country in which we were, on its long journey from the Sierra Madre range to the Gulf of California, with small promise of ever reaching its destination, one would think, from the looks of the hot and thirsty sands through which it found its way. The whole aspect of nature was cruel, with its yellow sparkling sand dotted with cactus, chaparral, and other thorny growths, which cut and scratch if you are not wary. No agriculture can be practised except along the river-bottoms, in such places as it is possible to conduct water over the land by ditches or *acequias*. Around this little lonesome depot, squatted away out there in the desert, was a group of people hanging about to see the train come in and go out. They were very swarthy of skin, and dressed in white, and no doubt had knives under their tunics.

My friend the engineer walked up to an old Mexican who was seated on a box in the shade of the station and shook his hand. I was called up and introduced to Señor Samanégo. I could make but poor progress with the Spanish conversation, only comprehending the commonest words and phrases. The old fellow was very polite and dignified, as are all Mexican men, and after the engineer had told him that we had come out to hunt peccaries, he was much amused, and chuckled, and passed some words to two slouched-hatted, cotton-shirted vaqueros who stood near gazing stupidly at the *Gringos*, which is the slang name they apply to the Americans, whereat they mounted their ponies and galloped off through the chaparral in a cloud of dust. After a while they returned, leading two saddled ponies, and the old Mexican motioned us to mount them. My mount was a little drooping, demure beast with fleshless limbs, and a huge saddle with *tapaderas* on the stirrup which nearly swished on the ground. We rode off again under the guidance of Samanégo, followed by the two vaqueros. It was nearing sunset, and was growing cooler as we rode. One could not see far, as the chaparral thickets interposed, but wound and worried through them, stirring up a cloud of dust, until we came to an open space where we could see the adobe walls of Samanégo's rancho. Here we dismounted, and I busied myself with making a sketch of the surrounding objects, which were all so strange to an American like myself. The engineer called loudly to me from a stake-fenced *corral* to come down there, which I did, and to my astonishment he pointed to a small animal which was tied with a rope by one hind leg to a post. "There is a peccary for you, natural as life and twice as ugly," said the engineer, laughing. I gazed at the little beast, for he was typical of what we had come to hunt. A small razor-back hog from Arkansas would not be very unlike him, only he was covered with a gray hair, and had three-toed feet, more like a dog than a pig. His eyes were set in a very malevolent fashion as he considered the situation, and his whole aspect was one of belligerency, as much as to say, "If only I could get at you I should take a huge piece out of your leg." They say these peccaries are domesticated at times, but for my part I do not think the game would be worth the candle.

I was aroused early next morning, and found myself in the saddle before I was hardly awake. Again we followed the old Mexican, Samanégo, off into the great plain, winding about in the chaparral. We followed down the course of a little stream which was fringed with cotton-wood and palm trees. The engineer said that one of the vaqueros had found peccaries the day before, somewhere below, while he was out looking for stray horses. I will here explain that the method of hunting peccaries, as followed by the Mexican vaqueros or cow-boys, is peculiar to them, and consists in roping them by adroitly casting their *reata* about their body, much in the same way as they do a steer. In this way they are often taken alive. I had learned to throw a rope in an indifferent fashion during my life on the cattle ranges of the North, and concluded to try my hand with it, instead of using a rifle or six-shooter, as the engineer proposed to do. I felt that the life-long skill of the vaqueros would make my unpractised efforts contemptuous in comparison; but what of that? I did not care. The sun came up suddenly from behind the blue line of the far-off Sierras, and the terrific glare of another day was to begin. The señor called a halt, and after directing his men to do certain things, they trotted off into the brush, and were lost to sight. I understood that they were to make a detour and strike the creek some distance below, and then "beat up the bush" toward our position, thus drawing out any peccaries which might be concealed there. We sat down and rolled and smoked cigarettes in a true spirit of appreciation of our Mexican surroundings, for in Mexico every one smokes cigarettes. The señor explained that the peccary can not run as fast as a horse, which statement I did not doubt, as I never saw any animal that could. He also added that the little ponies had been trained to run in the chaparral, and could dodge about so quickly to avoid it that an unskilled rider might suddenly find himself lying on his back in the sand. He further explained that the peccary has a very short and a very bad temper, and that he was liable to turn the tables arbitrarily at any moment, and transform the scene into peccaries hunting a man.

With these instructions I began to coil my rope, adjust my six-shooter, and to tighten my saddle *cinchas* or girths. We stood at our horses' heads as the old señor looked up at the sun and said it was time the men got back to us. Presently we heard a rustling in some canebrakes down the creek, followed by quick grunts. "Viniendo, señors," whispered Samanégo, as he swung himself into his saddle and looked sharply at his rope. We also mounted, and as I was fairly seated, the patter, patter, patter of the Mexican ponies came to my ears, and amid a cloud of dust I could see the circling *reata* and the flying hoofs. I also distinguished a little black form scurrying along in front. Circle, circle, circle flowed the long noose of the rope about the cloud of dust, and with a long-drawn sweep it flew forward in graceful coils and settled around the peccary. The pony quickly swerved, the rope straightened, the pony plunged two or three times, and made toward us at top speed, dragging the black object behind. "Quando yo salo el dia, estaba mio frio," yelled the Mexican, in great glee, which was a translation of a bit of American slang made by the engineer the night before, and taken up by the Mexican in his high spirits. He jerked the little pig about like a foot-ball, raising such a cloud of dust around his ears that I had no doubt the little animal would soon want for breath. After this had gone on for a time, and we had admired the graceful horsemanship of the Mexican, the peccary lay still, and the Mexican approached him, slowly winding in his rope. He suddenly drew his revolver and shot at the prostrate peccary. He told the engineer that the "pig was shamming death, and he shot him for fear he might come to life and make it dangerous for him."

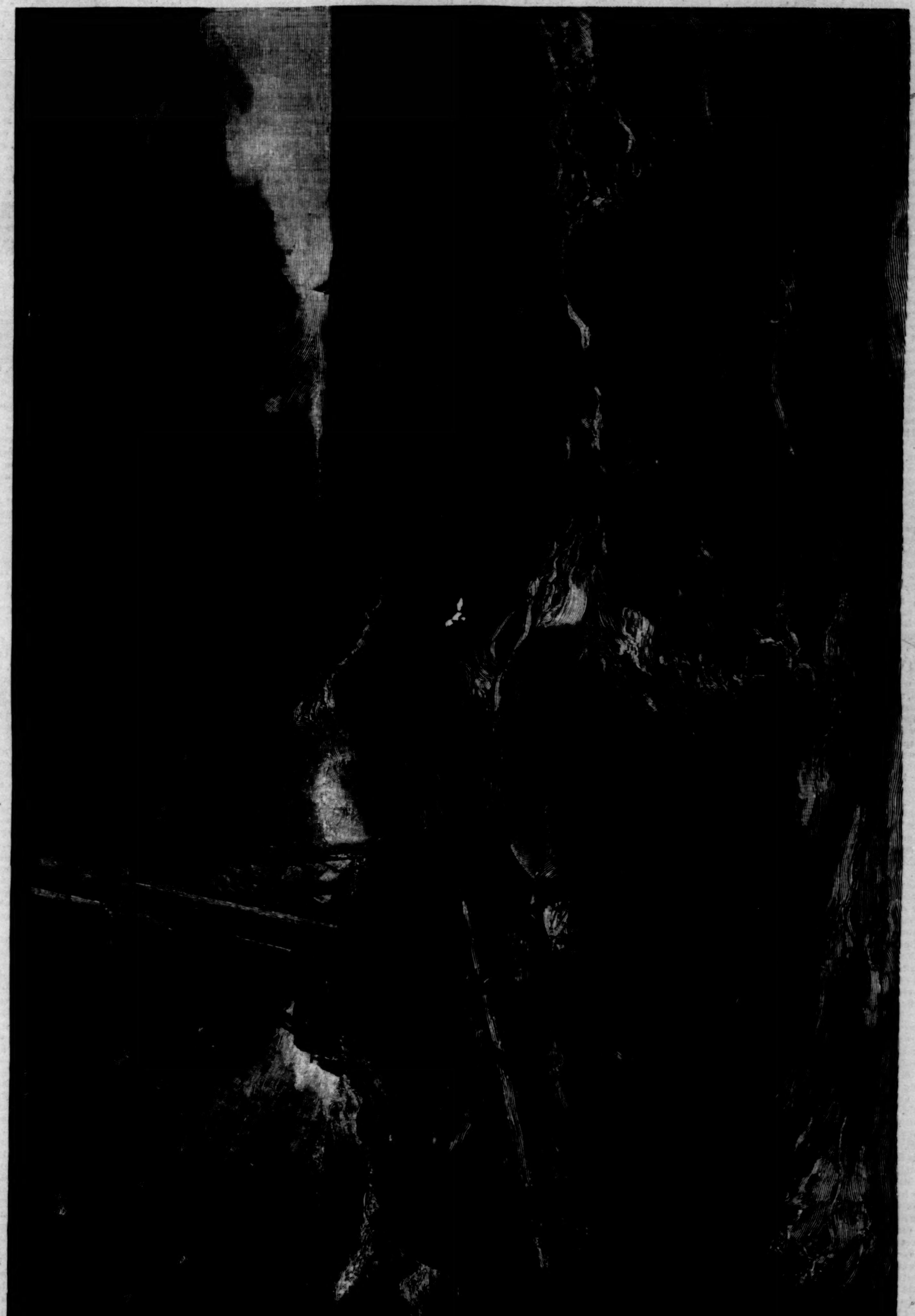
He leaned from his saddle and undid his rope from about the body of the game, again coiled it, and started off at a gallop down the creek. We followed, and could presently hear the cries of the vaqueros, the clatter of the horses' hoofs, and could see a cloud of dust coming toward us. One peccary broke cover right in front of us, and then another, until I counted eight. They did not see us until we were nearly on to them, so intent were they on the men behind, and then they swerved. We spurred our horses, and then commenced a mad gallop, with the dust flying and the men yelling. I swung my rope, and aimed to catch a big fellow scurrying along just ahead, when crash I went into a mass of mesquit boughs, which took my hat off and nearly unseated me; but my little pony was in for the hunt, and went along all right, following like a greyhound. The peccaries kept in a bunch, and the old señor was at my side, with the others racing along all behind and about us. The señor howled Spanish at me, which I did not understand, but I could see that he was encouraging me to make a cast. I saw my opportunity presently and threw the rope. It settled about my game, but I could not turn my horse as the old Mexican was on my left, and I was thus unable to tighten the noose. The peccary, not liking the feeling of the rope in which he was entangling himself at every jump, stopped, and I dashed over him, and just what happened in the dust and confusion that followed I did not keep a strict account of, but I pulled in my pony, dropped my rope, and drew a six-shooter and shot away at the peccary, which was struggling in the sand with the *reata* more hopelessly entwined about him. The dust settled, and I found I had killed a peccary sure enough. The old señor came up shortly and saw my good luck. He dismounted, drew his knife, and commenced to skin and cut up the animal on the spot. One of the men was despatched to where the other dead peccary was, to perform a similar office. These were the only two which we got on that day. The old Mexican could easily have gotten another, but he generously gave up his opportunity to me, for which I thanked him. Thus ended a bit of sport which I enjoyed hugely, and which I think was quite beyond ordinary methods of hunting.

Frederic Remington.

"FITS."

"For Heaven's sake, Snigglety, where'd you get that suit of clothes and hat?"
"Won 'em—'lection bet."
"Didn't get very good fits, did you?"
"No; the feller I bet with, he got 'em."

A PECCARY HUNT IN NORTHERN MEXICO.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 915.]



"THE WRECK."—From a Picture by Arthur Quartley.

THE CRUISER "VESUVIUS."

The dynamite cruiser *Vesuvius*, built at Cramp's ship-yard, Philadelphia, for the United States navy, was launched on April 28th of this year. Under contract, one specification was that her speed should be twenty miles an hour. On recent trials under forced draught her propeller shaft made 270 revolutions per minute, which would give a speed of over twenty knots. Her boilers developed 3800 horse-power, and will probably show 4000 horse-power. The coal endurance of the *Vesuvius* is calculated at 3500 miles. Her length over all is 252 feet 4 inches; her breadth, 26 feet 5 inches; depth, 14 feet 6 inches; mean draught, 9 feet; displacement, 752 tons. With a stem and stern post of cast steel, the *Vesuvius* is built of plates on iron scantlings. Her machinery consists of two triple-expansion engines. She has four boilers 19½ feet long, 9 feet diameter, with grate surface of 200 square feet.

The two elements of speed and stanchness have been sought for by the designers of the *Vesuvius*. The first is readily attainable in torpedo-boats of European build, but their sea-worthiness has not been established. In the recent English naval manœuvres the cranky character of their entire mosquito fleet was evident. Not one of the light craft was able to endure rough water. It was not a question at all as to the possibility of working their guns or torpedoes, but of their existence. A torpedo cruiser is not intended for deep-sea work, but nevertheless should be able to take rough weather off a coast. From the build of the *Vesuvius*, her breadth and depth having had proper attention paid them, it is believed that she will stand heavy blows with tempestuous seas. The comforts of officers and crews have had special attention. The captain's saloon, pantry, and state-rooms are aft, further forward is the ward-room, and in front of the fire-rooms are berths for the crew. The illustration shows the *Vesuvius* under way. To the left, in the circle, is a view from stern to bow, with the conning tower, the guns being in the rear. The circle to the right represents the bow of the *Vesuvius*, looking at the muzzles of the three guns.

It is in the armament of the *Vesuvius* that a novel departure has been made, for she carries three pneumatic dynamite guns of 15-inch calibre. These guns are now in place, and will be complete in all parts in about six weeks. The careful study which has been carried out during the last three months by Captain Zalinski with the 15-inch pneumatic gun now at Fort Lafayette shows conclusively what can be done with the armament of the *Vesuvius*. All such improvements of a practical character which have added to the efficiency of the gun now in service at Fort Lafayette will be brought to bear in the armament of the *Vesuvius*. The guns of the *Vesuvius* will throw a shell with 200 pounds of dynamite a distance of a mile and a half, and a 100-pound shell two miles. One curious feature of these guns, which seems anomalous to the ordnance officer, is that they neither have elevating nor lateral movements. They are fixed at their base, and the apertures on deck through which the barrels of the guns protrude are closed. Before air was used as a propelling power for heavy projectiles, not to elevate a gun for increased range would have been thought impracticable. With a definite quantity of gunpowder and bullet of constant weight the rifleman at Creedmoor knows that for the mile range he requires a greater elevation than for half a mile. For long shots he brings up his sight so as to get his eye, the muzzle of the piece, and the target on a line. His ball describes then a parabolic curve in the air, and falls downward on the bull's-eye. Suppose at will that a rifleman could increase or diminish his charge of powder. Say that he could use the explosive force of one-half or two-thirds of his powder. If he were shooting at a half-mile range, by increasing his powder a fourth more he might strike the bull's-eye at three-quarters of a mile, or adding the final quarter of powder at a mile, and that without changing the elevation of his piece. Now this is precisely what the mechanism of the pneumatic gun permits. The whole force of the compressed air can be used, or only a portion of it. This pneumatic force may be utilized in a double way, first as to sending a projectile of a fixed weight a quarter, a half, two-thirds of a mile, or any intermediate distance, or the whole mile, by simply regulating the valves or cut-offs. If 1000 be an extreme unit of force, anything less than that is attainable, and instantly attainable, because by means of a valve regulated by the gunner the exact air pressure can be brought to bear on the projectile. So indifferent to elevation, if only once it is fixed, this feature is one of the remarkable novelties of the pneumatic gun. Another point which is obvious is that from the same gun, the force being increased or diminished, projectiles of varying weights can be accurately fired.

The gun-boat is as the carriage to any gun, and the prow of the *Vesuvius* is kept in line with the object to be fired at. Here, however, a novel method comes into play. Say the *Vesuvius* rises with a wave or goes downward into the trough of the sea. An instant before, the gunner has had the object he wanted to fire at in line. The motion of the vessel now puts the target out of line. He draws his lever to fire, but the gun, subjected to an ingenious automatic movement, does not fire, but is checked, and the shot is not wasted. The man then who serves the gun has but one thing to do, and it is to watch for the line. This mechanism, together with a range-finder of wonderful accuracy and quickness, is due to the inventive powers of Lieutenant Bradley Fiske, U.S.N.

The person in the conning tower can, if he pleases, steer the vessel and at the same time fire the guns. Automatic power in this small cruiser seems to almost bid human brains stand aside. It is a combination of all those terrible forces, steam, electricity, and gaseous compounds can produce, controlled by the nicest of adjustments, all made to serve the end of human destruction.

It has been repeated in Harper's Weekly that the pneumatic dynamite gun is not intended to supplant heavy ordnance. Each arm in the service has its function, and the *Vesuvius*, with her special armament, is but an adjunct. She will have a particular kind of work cut out for her, just as have the two vessels the *Boston* and the *Atlanta*. Within a distance of two miles no heavy iron-clad would be exactly at her ease were the *Vesuvius* in her neighborhood, nor could the big vessels of an enemy venture within the three-mile limit of such a gun as is now trained from Fort Lafayette. It is the facility with which such pneumatic guns and their machinery can be built which would render them so valuable were we forced to resist an attack. In two months, all along the coast of the United States, at each vulnerable point, groups of such guns could be established.

REAR-ADMIRAL BALDWIN.

With the death of Rear-Admiral Charles H. Baldwin there passed away another of the fast-diminishing band of brave and faithful old-time naval officers who had reached the prime of life in the service of their country at the outbreak of the civil war. For years the deceased officer had been a sufferer from Bright's disease, and only two months before his death had returned from the south of France, where he had gone in search of health. It was only, however, within a few days before his death that he was so ill as to necessitate confinement to his room, and that the worst was expected. He died at his residence, on 590 Fifth Avenue, on the 17th instant.

Admiral Baldwin was born in New York on September 3, 1822, graduated from the Naval Academy at Annapolis April 24, 1839, and was appointed to the frigate *Brandywine*, of the Mediterranean Squadron. Subsequently he served for a time on the sloops *Vandalia* and *Fairfield*, and was promoted to Passed Midshipman July 2, 1845. While off Mazatlan with the frigate *Congress*, during the Mexican war, he got his first experience of warfare. During this period of service with the Pacific Squadron he was present in two engagements with the enemy. In November, 1853, he was commissioned as Lieutenant, and in the following year resigned from the navy. He then obtained command of one of the Vanderbilt steamers plying between this city and the Pacific coast—a berth which he retained until the breaking out of the civil war, when he re-enlisted, with the rank of Lieutenant.

While in command of the steamer *Clifton* he took part in the fight at the passage of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, the capture of New Orleans, and the first attack on Vicksburg in 1862. He was appointed Commander in November of that year, and for about two years did special service with the steamer *Vanderbilt*. He next served three years on shore at Mare Island Navy-yard, California, 1864–6, and was Fleet Captain of the Northern Pacific Squadron in 1868–9. Toward the end of 1869 he received a Captain's commission, and served from 1871 to 1873 in command of the *Colorado*, of the Asiatic Squadron, and during a part of the latter year he was in charge of the Naval Rendezvous, San Francisco. In August, 1876, he was raised to the rank of Commodore, and after three years' service on the Light-house Board and the Naval Examining Board he was commissioned as Rear-Admiral, and assigned to the command of the Mediterranean Squadron. While in command of the forces on the European station he attended officially the coronation of the present Emperor of Russia. He retained the Mediterranean command until 1884, when he was placed on the retired list.

The deceased officer was distinguished for his bravery on service, and in his intercourse with civilians was always as affable as he was strict on duty and gallant in action. He was twice married, his second wife surviving him, and there are also living two children by the first marriage, viz., Charles Baldwin and Mrs. Parlser Deacon. The son was present at his father's side when he died, having come from his ranch in California; the daughter, Mrs. Deacon, has been abroad for some time, but immediately started for home by the steam-ship *La Bourgogne* on receiving the news of her father's death.

The distinguished officer was buried with naval honors on Tuesday, the 20th inst., a battalion of 500 marines and seamen from the Navy-yard, and from all the ships in commission at the Yard, escorting the body from the late residence of the deceased to the family vault at St. Mark's Churchyard.

THE HON. PERRY BELMONT.

Mr. Perry Belmont, the new Minister to Spain, is one of the young men of politics. He is not yet thirty-seven years old, having been born in this city, December 28, 1851. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1872, and entered public life, as a member of the Forty-seventh Congress, in 1881. Two of the men of his time at the university are his colleagues in the present House of Representatives. They are Henry Cabot Lodge and Edward Burnett, both representing Massachusetts districts. Mr. John F. Andrew, a classmate of Mr. Belmont, is elected to represent a Boston district in the next Congress. While Mr. Belmont did not enter public life as a reformer or independent, like some others of his contemporaries, he belongs to a class of young men of wealth and education who have devoted their talents to making for themselves political careers.

The new Minister was born in a political atmosphere. His father, Mr. August Belmont, has been prominent in Democratic councils since long before the war. For some years he was the Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, and at the party Conventions of 1880 and 1884 was an earnest advocate of the nomination of the present Secretary of State.

Four years after his graduation at Harvard Mr. Perry Belmont was admitted to practise at the bar, and five years afterward was chosen to Congress from the First District of this State. Throughout his legislative career he has been one of the most industrious and studious of Congressmen, and very soon attracted the attention of Mr. Carlisle and other leaders of his party by the thorough manner in which he attended to whatever duties were assigned to him. In the very beginning of his career he gained some reputation by the boldness with which he attacked Mr. Blaine during the investigation of the relations between the State Department and the Landrau claimants. There was that diversity of opinion which will always exist in such encounters as to which contestant came out of it first, but there was no difference as to the courage of the young Congressman in asserting himself against the assault of the veteran politician.

Mr. Belmont, having entered politics, was ambitious to play his part well and to rise. He did his work as if he had a career before him, and as though public life in the United States were not at the best a temporary avocation. He was not under the necessity of considering his private interests, and was able to devote his whole time and abilities to his Congressional labors. When Mr. Carlisle was elected Speaker of the Forty-eighth Congress, the second of which Mr. Belmont was a member, he was strongly pressed by his influential friends for the chairmanship of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. The Speaker had no doubt of Mr. Belmont's fitness for the place, but the claims of older members had to be considered, and ex-Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, was appointed. Mr. Belmont had voted for Mr. Carlisle for the Speakership in the caucus, and against Mr. Randall. He has always acted with the tariff-reform wing of his party.

When Mr. Bayard was appointed Secretary of State by Mr. Cleveland, Mr. Belmont was generally mentioned as the probable Assistant-Secretary of the Department, partly on account of his father's and his own friendship for Mr. Bayard, and partly because his Congressional labors had been in connection with the foreign affairs of the government. He remained in Congress, however, and at the first session of the Forty-ninth Congress supplanted ex-Governor Curtin as chairman of the committee of which he had been an industrious and valuable member. His first work in this place was an elaborate scheme for the revision of the consular service, and for the regulation of fees. He was also very efficient in securing the enactment of the retaliation act which empowers the President, in the event of certain contingencies, to exclude foreign-caught fish from the ports of the United States. In all his service Mr. Belmont has brought to bear upon his duties a trained intelligence and painstaking industry. He is an indefatigable worker, and is persistently serious. He declined a nomination to the Fifty-first Congress.

Socially, he is in evidence, but is neither active nor indolent. He has lived alone in Washington in a large house which he bought early in his public career, but his entertainments have been comparatively infrequent, and always modest. He is quiet, agreeable, and often interesting. As Minister to Spain he will doubtless be very acceptable to the court circle at Madrid, and will never forget that he is there to attend to the interests of his government.

THE CHINESE BOARDING-HOUSE.

A very large majority of the Chinamen in the neighborhood of New York live in boarding-houses at a cost which to an American would seem insignificant. Their economy is proverbial, and in nothing is this shown more conspicuously than in the arrangement of the boarding-house. It is, however, intelligent thrift; and although their mode of life would be intolerable to an American of average habits, yet they enjoy a fair share of the comforts of life for an average price of about $2 50 a week. There are places, however, where the boarders pay as little as $1 a week, and some, of the most expensive kind, where the expense is $3 a head.

In location everything is sacrificed to economy. The cheapest floor in the cheapest house that can be found is selected. Usually it is the basement or one of the upper lofts of an old house originally a private dwelling, in some locality now hopelessly degenerated. The rents of the ground-floors even in these houses are too high. The proprietor, or, as is usually the case, the firm of two or three members who run the boarding-house, fence off a little room with boards for a private apartment for themselves, and often two or three other small rooms will be made in the same way for boarders who are willing to pay a little extra for privacy, but the rest of the floor is one large room, which serves for sleeping, cooking, and eating, and is used for a general sitting-room as well.

These rooms are furnished scantily. There are rows of bunks along the walls, a large table in the middle of the room, a cooking stove at one end, and a number of stools. For ornament there is commonly a bouquet of gold and silver tinsel flowers attached to the wall, and in the bouquet there are usually two or three tiny images of a man and a woman, and sometimes a child. For devotion there is a sand bowl either under the table or on the mantel-piece, in which the inmates put their joss-sticks to burn whenever the occasion calls for prayer. On the stove there is always a kettle filled with boiling water, and on the table are two teapots, kept always replenished, one with cold tea, the other with hot. The latter is kept hot by being enclosed in a sort of basket lined with felt or cotton an inch or two inches thick. This entirely surrounds the teapot, so that only the spout protrudes, and keeps the tea hot for hours. The Chinese very seldom use water as a beverage, and drink only black tea. They consider the green only fit to sell to outside barbarians.

The bunks resemble those on shipboard. Sometimes they are single, but are often made broad to accommodate two or even three sleepers at once. In one place in Park Street there are twelve bunks in one room, accommodating twenty-four men. In another place in Mott Street there are twenty bunks for thirty men. The bunks are generally built in tiers, sometimes three, but generally only two. Little knees of wood on the upright posts form a sort of ladder for climbing to the upper rows. Instead of mattresses, each bunk is provided with a carpeting of Canton matting, and the pillows are of wood, either log-shaped or made of board like a foot-stool. The bedclothing is sometimes of blankets, but the Chinese who have not grown accustomed to American ways prefer a coverlet stuffed with cotton. They also take advantage of the fact, so well known and so seldom utilized by Americans, that paper is an excellent non-conductor of heat, and they frequently line their bedclothes with it. Over each bunk is a small shelf, on which the boarder is expected to place his bedclothes on arising. There the clothing remains during the day in a neat cylindrical roll. Some person of the household washes the matting and wood-work daily, for the Chinese are, as a rule, exceedingly cleanly. They use javelle water or chloride of lime in this washing, to keep away vermin and to destroy odors and possible germs of disease.

On the stove three daily meals are prepared. The Chinese are very moderate eaters, but are fastidious about the quality of their food, as well as the manner of its preparation. They use hickory or oak wood almost altogether for fuel; seldom or never coal. For breakfast their favorite dishes are rice, tripe, fish, and meat balls, but they may be said to live principally on rice. A Chinaman will eat, on an average, probably half a pound of this a day. They cook it so that it is very dry, and each kernel is distinct and separate instead of being part of a pasty mass, as rice is apt to be on an American table. The tripe is chopped up and stewed. The fish is prepared in a dish that is half soup and half chowder. The meat balls are steamed, and are generally made of chopped pork. They eat no bread at any meal.

The mid-day meal is the dinner. It consists of rice, pork, fish, and usually some Chinese vegetable stewed with meat or poultry, and soup, which is served last. The pork is seasoned by being soaked or pickled in strong sauces like Worcestershire, and the fish is commonly dried. All food is cut into convenient morsels to be picked up on chop-sticks, for the Chinaman will not do at table the work of carving, which, he insists, belongs to the kitchen. The supper is very light, consisting of the inevitable rice and one or two small portions of meat.

There is little or no drunkenness among the Chinese; that is, from drinking. They use alcohol, but it is as a food, not as a beverage. Gin is their favorite of all drinks known to us. This they use in cooking their soups and stews, in order to bring out the full flavor of the meats. It is also served at their meals, as is nomadhaio. This is a strong liquor of a handsome brown color; it is made from rice and different fruits, and is sweet and fruity to the taste, being a true liqueur. This and gin are served commonly at table, to be taken with solid foods, but in almost infinitesimal quantities.

It is a common thing for Chinese merchants to keep boarding-houses for their employés in the same buildings with their stores, for the purpose of having them always at hand. They find more than a double profit in this, for the Chinese know no eight-hour law, as may easily be noted at any of their laundries, where work never ceases as long as there is anything to be done.

They are clannish, and members of different families or tribes are not apt to occupy the same boarding-house, but there are no distinctions drawn on account of differing occupations. They are sociable and exceedingly hospitable, always inviting their friends to meals if they are around at meal-times, and are fond of social visiting outside of business hours. Their hospitality, indeed, is often lavish. It is a frequent occurrence for one of the boarders to provide for the whole houseful a special dish to supplement or take the place of the regular fare at some meal.

They devote their evenings generally to social pleasures, visiting, and playing games of dominoes or cards for trifling stakes. They are nearly all smokers, and while many of them smoke tobacco, there are very few who do not smoke opium. Hasheesh smoking, too, is somewhat common among them. This they smoke in the leaf in pipes, or in the gum like opium, or in the nargile. As a rule they keep good hours, but the most of them will read or write an hour or two before going to sleep, for the humblest laundryman is likely to be a man of literary pretensions. In reading they usually lie on their sides, with their backs to the light, so that it shall fall over their shoulders, and their knees drawn up nearly to their chins. This habit, though it does not meet with the approval of American oculists, seems to have no bad effects among the Chinese. They nearly all have excellent eyesight, and the use of spectacles or eye-glasses is very rare among them, though they have understood and used them for thirty-five centuries. They do not pursue these evening studies intemperately, however, and by ten o'clock in the evening the Chinese boarding-house is usually still, and the boarders are all asleep.

THE ALBANY CATHEDRAL.

The consecration of the provisional building for the Cathedral of All-Saints, at Albany, took place on Tuesday, November 20th, being celebrated by an impressive choral service, and a sermon by Bishop Potter, of New York. The dedication of a fragment of the whole structure, designed to answer for a considerable time the purposes of a cathedral, may serve as a useful reminder that a cathedral is not a building that can be finished, "ready for occupancy," at a single effort. The accepted design of Mr. R. W. Gibson for the cathedral was illustrated and described in the Weekly for April 26, 1884. The work of building has been carried on nearly ever since with steady diligence, and yet what is now visible and available is but a small part, in costliness and in impressiveness at least, of the stately edifice which is ultimately to be the seat of the Bishop of Albany. To us, accustomed to see apartment houses and office buildings almost of cathedral dimensions rise like exhalations, this seems but slow work. But in the cathedral-building ages it would have been a marvel of rapidity. When more than one generation was habitually taken to the completion of a great church, the church received the benefit of the deliberation, not only in the perfection of its leisurely thought out detail, but in the incorporation in their design, which all the great cathedrals show, of such advances as during their progress were made in the art of building. The freedom with which this was done, and the disregard of technical unity of style which it often involved, would have been extremely distressing to the modern architectural purists, to whom the chief architectural abomination is the mixture in one building of the different forms and details which were commingled in the mediæval buildings that are at the same time their models. *Si revivisceret ipse Cicero, rideret hoc Ciceronianorum genus.*

It is evident from the illustrations on page 913 that Mr. Gibson does not propose to forego the birthright of the modern architect as the heir of all the ages. While the cathedral is readily classifiable as an English Gothic building, it contains features which the English mediæval architects had never seen, and both in general design and in detail betrays a modern and an eclectic spirit. The most marked departure, perhaps, from the conventional treatment is to be seen in the ground plan, and consists in the subordination of the aisles of the nave to mere passages. Nothing is clearer, on the one hand, than that the succession of pier and arch is necessary to the architectural effect of a Gothic interior—is, indeed, the chief factor in its impressiveness—nor, on the other, that the piers are insuperable obstructions to the sight and hearing of the occupants of the aisle pews. The commonest device by which it has been attempted to adapt the Gothic interior to the needs of a modern congregation is the attenuation of the piers, which in the so-called cathedral at Garden City are even of cast-iron, but this experiment merely weakens or vulgarizes the architecture without really meeting the demands of convenience. The more radical departure made in the Albany Cathedral, by which the congregation is confined to the nave, leaves the architect at liberty to make the piers of the nave arcade as massive as architectural expression may require. The width of the nave at Albany is 44 feet, or nearly as great as that of any mediæval cathedral outside of Spain, to a length, in the nave and crossing of the transepts, of 150 feet—an unobstructed space capable of holding as large a congregation as can well hear or see the officiating clergyman. The choir will extend the total length of the church to 270 feet, which, if not strictly a cathedral dimension, is nearly three times as great as the length of an ordinary city church, while the ridge of the nave vaulting is to be 70 feet from the floor. The nave and transepts constituting what in modern language is known as the "auditorium," considerations of practical convenience need not be so strictly consulted in the choir, where accordingly the aisles resume the width and importance that belong to them in the plan of a mediæval cathedral. The treatment of the choir is distinctly richer than that of the nave, and forms a transition from it to the great traceried and painted window that is to occupy the whole east wall of the nave. This last is a characteristically and indeed an exclusively English feature, but the design of the interior, in its general proportions, in the modelling of the piers and arches, and in much of the structural detail, is much more like Continental than like English Gothic, and recalls especially the early Gothic of Spain. As will be seen from the illustrations, many of the decorative details can scarcely be classified as Gothic at all. The Romanesque revived in this country with such brilliant success by Mr. Richardson has imposed itself upon many of the most artistic of our younger architects. Without regard to the intrinsic merits of the style itself, this is a thing to be grateful for, since an agreement upon a common way of working is undoubtedly the first step toward the establishment of a national style. Mr. Gibson's detail shows this tendency, and the crisp and spiny treatment of foliage is distinctly referable to the Byzantine models which have so greatly influenced architectural ornament in this country during the past decade. This treatment of detail, with the vigorous early Gothic modelling of the main architectural members, will give the completed Cathedral of All-Saints a marked individuality.

The most noteworthy of its features are yet to be supplied. The west front, with its triple porch 50 feet high to the central gable, the rose-window above, and the flanking towers rising and diminishing from foundations more than 50 feet square to spires that reach a height of 210 feet, the octagon at the intersection of the nave and transepts, and the great east window, will be the chief ornaments of the completed cathedral. Of these nothing is yet visible except the comparatively plain lancets of the east window, to be surmounted by a richly traceried circle. The design has been cleverly adapted to the speedy construction of the provisional church now opened for service, so that this structure and subsequent building operations should interfere as little as possible with each other. The openings of the triforium serve as the clere-story windows of the provisional building, and a plain open timber ceiling spans the walls above them. The nave piers and arches and the lower range of windows are indeed almost the only features now visible from which the future cathedral can be foretold, though the foundations for the whole are laid, and the work can be pushed as rapidly and as steadily as the diocesan treasury will permit.

CHARLES WESLEY'S CHILDREN.

A CENTENNIAL STUDY.*

Wherever the names of John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, and his brother Charles, its "sweet singer," are known and reverenced, their patronymic is a title of honor, especially in religious circles. In fact a considerable section of the world regards them only in their connection with the revival of religion in the middle of the last century, and forgets or is unaware that they were a race of heroes, scholars, and poets for generations before the magnetic fervor of John Wesley kindled the dry bones of formalism into vivid life, and his wisdom organized an army of teachers and preachers with the same precision that characterized the military skill of his great kinsman, the "Iron" Duke of Wellington. Both were offshoots of the same family tree, and both went forth conquering and to conquer by that divine right of genius which made them rulers of men. Both were of short stature and wiry frame, with the same aquiline cast of features, and equal resources of boundless energy and indomitable will. John Wesley was the leader of the spiritual forces of his countrymen in one generation, and Arthur Wellesley was at the head of their corporeal hosts in the next.

It is somewhat remarkable that though the Wesleys came of a fruitful stock, their parents having nineteen children, and their mother being herself the youngest of twenty-five, the family name is represented only by the descendants of Charles. Samuel, the eldest brother, married Miss Berry, a "nut-brown maid," to whom he was devotedly attached, but only a daughter survived him; John married late in life a widow of nearly his own age, Mrs. Vazeille, and gave no hostages to fortune; and Charles, having escaped fancy-free till his forty-first year, was captivated by the charms of a girl young enough to have been his daughter. Her name was Sarah Gwynne, and she was the fifth child of the Squire of Garth, in the parish of Llanlleonwell, in Breconshire, South Wales. The long line of her ancestry on the father's side is recorded on the monuments that still remain in the now ruined church, and her mother was one of six sisters, co-heiresses, each of whom had £30,000 for her portion. The Gwynnes lived in considerable state in the old mansion at Garth (now occupied as a farm-house), were rather rigid Church people, and kept a private chaplain, who read the liturgy daily to the assembled household in the great hall. Both Mr. and Mrs. Gwynne were sincerely religious, and their friendly reception of John Wesley, whom they invited to be their guest at Garth, and to preach in their hall, is explained by the fact, too often ignored, that the gifted and popular evangelist was not at the head of a party which dissented from the doctrines of the Church of England, but was throwing his whole heart and soul into the endeavor to rouse her from the lethargy of ages, and initiate a new reformation from within her own borders. Two years later, in 1747, Charles came to their hospitable home, and the Gwynnes liked him even better than his elder brother, while he, though attracted by the whole family, saw in the sprightly, pretty girl of twenty-one his *beau idéal* of a bride. She was unusually well educated for the days in which she lived, had a sweet and well-trained voice, and a considerable talent for music, which her sisters shared. It is from her that the musical ability which has distinguished almost all her descendants is traced; but it must not be forgotten that music was also latent in the Wesleys, for Garret Colley Wesley, second Earl of Mornington, and some time Professor of Music in Trinity College, Dublin, was of their house and lineage.

It was on the 8th of April, 1749, that Charles Wesley led "his Sally" to church at the early hour of eight in the morning, where they were married by his brother John, in the midst of a small but sympathetic family circle. He had no home to take her to, and after spending a fortnight at Garth in the sweet spring sunshine, the young wife and her father rode with him as far as Abergavenny, and there bade him God-speed on his journey. They were not, however, separated for many weeks, but as the Gwynnes saw no prospect of immediate house-keeping, Charles Wesley returned to fetch his bride, who rode mounted on a pillion behind him nearly all over England. In September of the same year they took a small house in Stokes Croft, Bristol, and furnished it frugally. Here in 1752 their eldest son was born, and christened John, and amazed his parents by humming a tune and beating time correctly when only twelve months old. About that time Mrs. Wesley, who had never been vaccinated, was attacked by small-pox in so virulent a form that, when she recovered, every trace of her beauty was gone; she was absolutely unrecognizable, and for the remainder of her life remarkably plain. Before she was well again, her little boy sickened and died of the same malady in his father's absence, and it was quite eighteen months before the mother's heart was comforted by the birth of a baby girl, who, however, only survived about four weeks. Mrs. Wesley could not bear the silence and solitude of her home after these bereavements, and once more rode to and fro with her husband as he went through the length and breadth of the land on his preaching tours.

On the 11th of December, 1757, another son was born, who received his father's name, and perhaps more than an ordinary share of parental love. Next to him came a daughter, who was called Sarah, after her mother, and thenceforth known in the family as "little Sally." Two other little girls, Susanna and Selina, were born and died, and on the 24th of February, 1766, another boy saw the light, and was christened Samuel. Two years later came the eighth child, also a boy, who died in infancy, and then the sorely tried mother prayed that she might not see the death of another of her offspring. She did in truth live to the age of ninety-six, and was not called upon to endure the anguish of seeing another child die. Charles, Sarah, and Samuel thus were the three who grew up to man's and woman's estate. They all lived to a good old age, but as the former two died unmarried, the family name was perpetuated solely by the latter, some of whose sons and daughters are still living.

Mrs. Wesley was accustomed to soothe and amuse her babes by playing on the harpsichord, and before little Charles could speak he showed his sense of completeness by taking her left hand and placing it on the instrument whenever she played the treble of an air alone. She soon found that when she tied him into a chair before the harpsichord he could amuse himself, and when two years and three-quarters old he surprised his father by playing a tune in good time and without any false notes.

Mrs. Wesley had many friends of good position, and among them Sir Charles and Lady Gertrude Hotham, Lady Robert Manners, Lady Dartmouth, the eccentric but warm-hearted Countess of Huntingdon, Colonel and Mrs. Gumley, Major and Mrs. Gallatin, and Mrs. Jones of Fonmön Castle. They all felt the warmest interest in her children, and Mrs. Gumley was godmother to Charles. When he was six or seven years old he was taken to London, where the Hothams heard him play, thought him a "wondrous boy," and Lady Gertrude gave him a quantity of good music. He was devoted to Handel and Corelli, worked at them unceasingly, and won golden opinions from all the musicians of the day, who nevertheless told him not to expect fame, fortune, or success, for the simple reason that "his name didn't end in i," or, plainly speaking, because he was unmistakably English, and the fancy of the period was for Italian performers.

All the musicians in the west of England considered Charles a genius, and gave him what assistance they could, but it was very probably a good thing for him that his parents removed with their family to London in 1771, where Mrs. Gumley presented them with the long lease and furniture of a good and centrally situated house, No. 1 Chesterfield Street, Marylebone. There was then in London a well-known master named Kelway, organist at St. Mary Axe, who was much interested in the boy, and without any remuneration taught him Handel's Lessons, as well as the music of Scarlatti and Geminiani. Dr. Arne, Dr. Arnold, and Dr. Boyce also took him up, and it was probably the last who brought him under the notice of King George III., though, as Lord Mornington's private concerts were just then making a *furor* in aristocratic circles, and Charles Wesley's playing was one of their chief attractions, it is possible that the royal family first heard of him from that quarter. At all events, he was about eighteen when one of the royal pages was sent to the family abode in Chesterfield Street to command his attendance at Buckingham House that evening. When dressed in his best Charles was carried across the Park in a sedan-chair, and on his arrival was most graciously received. He was probably aware that the King preferred the organ to any other instrument, and sat down to it at once, playing whatever was asked for without music, and also without the slightest hesitation. The Duke of Mecklenburg came and asked his royal brother-in-law, "What is dat?" "What's what?" replied the King, in his accustomed fashion. "Do you not know? Any school-boy could inform you. It is 'Lord have mercy upon us,' the response to the Commandments." Thenceforth Charles developed a resemblance to Tom Moore, who "dearly loved a lord," and wrote and spoke of the great personages with whom he was brought into contact in a style that would now be designated flunkyism. But he was a very simple soul, and his music was his one talent. He was never fit to stand alone, and his mother and sister dressed and cared for him to the end of their days as if he had been still a child. For several years he was annually summoned to Windsor, where the King not only listened with pleasure to his playing, but occasionally talked familiarly with him in his plain way. Mrs. Wesley and Sarah usually accompanied Charles to the royal borough, and were introduced and very kindly noticed, the King and Queen always chatting pleasantly to them when they walked on the Terrace. Charles quite unconsciously tells us how once, during the King's illness the trio were at Windsor, and he sent to inquire whether he might play to the Queen, and being told that it would give her great pleasure, presented himself, and sitting down to the piano, broke into the tender strains of Handel's "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God." There was a simple pathos about it that went to the hearts of the Queen and her daughter, Princess Elizabeth, who was with her.

When the post of organist at St. George's chapel became vacant, Charles was informed that if he applied it would be given to him, and a comfortable and congenial provision for life thus secured. This was in 1788, when his aged father lay dying, and he requested his son not to solicit it. It seemed a very great pity, as Mrs. Wesley and her son and daughter would then have had an assured and pleasant home together, instead of spending the remainder of their time, as they did, in London lodgings and straitened circumstances. The visits to Windsor had always been accompanied by gifts of money, varying from £50 to £100, and George III. intended to give Charles a pension, but probably his mental malady caused it to be forgotten; at all events, it was never granted. Charles became the musical instructor of the Princess Charlotte, who gave him a gold snuff-box, and organist in ordinary to the Prince Regent, in attendance on whom he frequently went to Brighton, receiving on each occasion £50. He thought the Pavilion a most wonderful building, and says that the first time he was there he was so much surprised at its beauty that he forgot to bow to the Prince on his entrance. This was a species of homage to the Regent's taste, and did not at all offend him. When Charles apologized, his Royal Highness said: "I know you do not drink much, but you must drink my health. I would not hurt you. This is made from foreign fruit—nectar which Apollo and the Nine might sip, and I now drink, Mr. Wesley, to our better acquaintance."

Charles, unlike the rest of his relatives, was not much of a letter-writer. His hand was a curious upright one, more like print than anything else. When his sister was ill he was obliged to write to friends who were anxious to know how they both fared, but comparison of the notes addressed to one and another shows them to be so much alike as almost to suggest that they are duplicates. He kept a briefly worded journal from youth to old age in a series of pocket-books, which probably served him as an artificial memory. He was a most devoted son to his mother, reading to her daily from the liturgy and Bible, making outlines for her of the sermons he heard, and playing to her the music her soul loved. He frequently set his father's hymns to music, and he left behind him a number of fugues, quartettes, anthems, etc., etc., which are well known among musicians. One of his treasures was a harpsichord by Birkat Shudi, which had once belonged to Handel. None of the family had the slightest notion of fashion, nor, indeed, much taste in dress, and Charles was in the habit of attending the Concerts of Ancient Music at the Hanover Square Rooms in a white wig and an ancient blue great-coat that had descended to him from his father. During the later years of his life he was organist at Marylebone Church, and when at home spent almost all his time at the harpsichord. His mother died in 1822, his sister and guardian angel in 1828, but he himself survived till 1834, when he passed away, at the age of seventy-seven, with little or no pain, humming Handel's music with his latest breath.

Sarah Wesley, the only girl of the family who grew up, was two years younger than Charles, and very dear to her father, who asked innumerable questions of his wife concerning her when away from home. In one of his letters he seems quite jealous for her sake, saying: "She *should* take after me, as she is to be *my* child. One and another give me presents for Charley, but nobody takes any notice of poor Sally; even her grandmother seems to slight her." He also begs for good news of his "little Sally," says he has got a present for her, and exhorts his wife to send her to Cotham every fine day—that is to say, up the hill at the foot of which Stokes Croft runs—for the benefit of the fresh air from the downs. She went to a ladies' school in Bristol, where she was a favorite with her companions on account of being a good narrator of stories. Latin she learned at home, with her brothers, under the tuition of the father. Music was not spontaneous with her; she had a sweet voice and true ear, but did not care for the hours of practice which would have been necessary in her case, and was always happiest when she had a book. The brother to whom she was so devoted considered her rather neglected as a child and young girl, but that was probably because she loved to be quiet, and those who came to the house were more interested in the two boys whose music was so attractive than in their retiring bookish sister.

When about twelve years old she wrote an oratorio called *Isaac* in collaboration with Charles, who set it to music; and later on she began writing a play, but her father laughed at and took it away from her. She had a turn for poetry, but, perhaps in consequence of being laughed at, shrank from showing her verses to her father. Good man as he was, he had not the intellect of his brother John, and was just a trifle narrow-minded. His daughter's powers and tastes were more literary than his own, and he only failed to comprehend them. It is probable that during her long residence in London she made something by her pen, for she associated with a literary circle, and there are traditions of her connection with Dr. Gregory, a journalist of that day; but it seems uncertain whether, being a good linguist, she merely translated for him, or whether she wrote under his direction. Those who remember her say that she was a delightful companion, and she certainly had a ready wit and a well-stored mind. Her poetry had not the joyous *verve* of her father's versification, but was rather of the Johnsonian order, which may be accounted for by the fact that

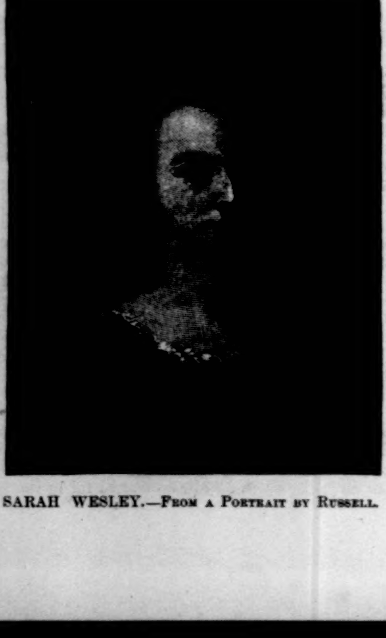
* The present year marks the one hundredth anniversary of the death of Charles Wesley, and it has been thought an appropriate time for the celebration of the triumphs of one hundred years of Christian song. It is proposed in all large cities to hold one central meeting, and on the second Sunday of December every minister is invited to preach a sermon on the use, worth, advancement, and fruit of Christian song, and to hold a memorial praise service.

SARAH WESLEY, AT THE AGE OF 86, WIFE OF REV. CHARLES WESLEY.—From a Rare Print.

he knew her when a girl, and approved highly of her efforts in this direction. She had an extensive correspondence with several literary ladies of the period, and many of her letters have been preserved. They are written in good and forcible but not stilted English, and as the last was common among the lesser literary lights of her day, we may conclude that she was considerably in advance of it. The brother and sister used to go about every summer among their friends and relations, who say that she invariably tucked Charles up in bed, laid his clothes ready for him for the next morning, tied his neckcloth before he was permitted to make his appearance at breakfast, and was mother, nurse, and friend combined to her life-long companion. They were both very fond of Bristol, where they had many friends; and when Sarah was in her sixty-ninth year, and in failing health, they set out on a journey thither, fancying that she might be revived by breathing her native air. On the way they spent a few days with Sir John and Lady Herschel at Slough, and Miss Wesley walked and stood about on the lawn when the grass was wet. This caused a sore throat, and though she struggled on with a pathetic yearning to reach her native city, she was completely laid up when she got there, and died on the 19th of September, 1828.

Poor Charles was indeed disconsolate; he wrote a few laconic notes to his nearest relations, telling how his beloved sister had been laid to her last rest, by the side of two brothers and three sisters who had died in infancy, in the graveyard of St. James's, under the hoary walls of the venerable church where she had been baptized, and then bethought him of getting back to London. First of all, however, he paid a visit to Barleywood, that he might convey the sad news to Mrs. Hannah More, then eighty-eight years of age, and was a little comforted by her sympathy. How great was the loss of his sister's practical common-sense in the ordinary affairs of life was immediately shown, as it did not enter his head to travel by any of the post-coaches, that were then at their best, on the great Western roads, but put himself and such of his belongings as he did not forget into a post-chaise, and by the time he once more reached Marylebone this method of conveyance had cost him considerably over £36 sterling. It was a very great pity that no one at the time of Sarah Wesley's death collected the incidents of her life together; but she had survived the appreciative members of her own generation, and it was reserved for one who was no relative, and for another very distant in blood, whose fancy had always been struck by what was remembered of her by cousins, to rescue her memory from oblivion.

A similar instance occurred many years later among those very cousins, when a very clever old lady, Madame de Fauconpret, who before her marriage was Mary Ellison Voysey, the granddaughter of Susanna Ellison, *née* Wesley, who was the sister of the founder of Methodism, died in London in 1867. Her husband, the Comte de Fauconpret de Thulus, while an exile from France during the early part of this century, translated Sir Walter Scott's novels into his native tongue, and when the political aspect of affairs permitted him to return, became Rector of the University of Paris. Madame de Fauconpret, who lived then at Fontainebleau, knew and entertained most of the distinguished men of that epoch, but her lot was cast, during her long widowhood, among people who were occupied chiefly with narrow views of religion, which, to their regret, she was too much a woman of the world to accept in their entirety. Thus it happened that she passed away without its entering any one's head that her reminiscences and experiences would have been worth preserving. This, however, is a digression, though not one that leads us beyond the bounds of the family, and we must return to Samuel Wesley, the only one of the Stokes Croft group who married and transmitted the ancestral talents to posterity.



SARAH WESLEY.—From a Portrait by Russell.

He was the seventh child, and was born on the eighty-second anniversary of Handel's birth, February 24, 1766. He was not quite such a precocious little musician as his brother Charles, and was three years old before the sharp ears around him could detect a positive tune in what he played. The event was marked by the present of a quarter-guinea, wrapped in a piece of paper on which was written the day and year. Charles had always been able to supply a true bass to any air he played, from his inner consciousness, but Samuel was unable to do so until he had learned his notes. He early had a small violin put into his hands, and on that he accompanied his brother, and when between four and five years old he got hold of the oratorio of *Samson*, and by that alone taught himself to read words, soon afterward teaching himself to write a sort of printing hand. At five years of age his father said that he could read perfectly well, and had all the airs, recitatives, and choruses of *Samson* and the *Messiah*, both words and notes, by heart. He was busily engaged on several oratorios while other boys were learning their letters and finding out the mysteries of marbles, and composed the airs of *Ruth* before he was six, laid them up in his memory for two years, and then wrote them down. About this time Dr. Boyce heard of him, and calling on his father, said, "Sir, I hear you have got an English Mozart in your house." The childishly scrawled score of *Ruth* was shown him, and after looking carefully through it he observed, "This boy writes by nature as true a bass as I can by rule and study." Sam afterward presented his finished MS. to the doctor, who prized it as a curiosity, and it is still in existence, being in the hands of Miss Eliza Wesley, of Islington. Those who looked upon Charles as a genius would hardly admit that Sam was his equal, though that was mere prejudice, and, moreover, Charles had, comparatively speaking, only his one gift, whereas Sam was a scholar, and what may be termed good all round, in addition to his music. They were all persons of courtly address and polished manners, as were their ancestors, and, it may be added, are all their descendants. At ten years old Sam could transpose at sight the most difficult music into any key, and his invention was so inexhaustible that he has been known to give fifty extempore variations on a single melody. Counterpoint came to him as naturally as everything else in music. The friendship with the Herschels began at Bristol, when William Herschel, the embryo astronomer, then a boy with considerable musical talent, played with Samuel Wesley at a concert.

It must not be imagined that the Methodists of Bristol viewed the natural gifts of the young Wesleys with any pleasure, or watched with equanimity the evident intention of their parents to

CHARLES WESLEY, JUN.—From a Portrait by Russell.

allow them to follow the bent of their genius. If the boys had confined themselves to the production of hymn tunes and anthems, and shown any juvenile proclivities for preaching and theology, it would have been a different thing; but music in the abstract was regarded as worldly and frivolous. So many remonstrances and warnings, anonymous and otherwise, were addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Wesley that they were not sorry to have the opportunity of removing to London, where the sphere was larger, and, as they hoped, the mental horizon wider and clearer. This move brought them into a fresh circle of friends, and we speedily find Sam and Sally visiting the family of Mr. Russell, a portrait-painter of the day, at Guildford, where the former's chief delight and relaxation was letting off a cannon and meddling with fireworks. Country neighbors flocked to the house to hear him play, but he did not much care to make an exhibition of himself, and his sister wrote home that she did not believe he would play at all "unless bribed with gunpowder." The well-known private concerts given by the brothers began in 1779, and were continued with considerable success for nine years, Sam leading with the violin, while Charles presided at his beloved organ. In 1783 Lord Mornington made Sam a present of a suit of scarlet clothes, and had his portrait painted in them, and about the same time a friend left him a legacy of £1000 and a house at Epsom. He gave a great many private lessons in schools and families, and was such a favorite with the ladies that several showed their willingness to share his fortunes. There is a story current that about this time Dr. Johnson, whose obtuseness to the charms of music is well known, called at Mr. Wesley's, and after requesting to hear his sons play, sat down with a book, in which he was speedily absorbed. As soon as the "noise" ceased, he woke as if from a trance, and saying, "Young gentlemen, I am much obliged to you," he walked away.

Before Samuel was twenty years of age he was attracted to the Church of Rome, perhaps not very seriously, but enough to make the world talk and to alarm his family. Fanaticism was rampant at that time, and the mere name of Romanist was considered equivalent to that of malefactor. The good John Wesley, however, said, "He has changed his opinion and mode of worship; but that is not religion; it is quite another thing." Remonstrances flowed in on all sides and condolences with the parents, many of whose contemporaries would have treated Samuel as an outcast, but they only saw in him their youngest son, and though they probably grieved over his tendencies, his place in their home and hearts was unchanged. Music knows no sectarian bonds, and it is very possible that the fact of his composing a splendid high mass for Pope Pius VI., which his Holiness acknowledged in a brief to Bishop Talbot, gave rise to the report that he had become a "'vert." Shortly after the death of his father and his uncle John, Samuel published a pamphlet attacking some of the doctrinal errors of popery, and engaged in a controversy in which he vindicated the rights of himself in particular and mankind in general to judge for them-

THE REV. CHARLES WESLEY, A.M., THE POET OF METHODISM.—From a Family Portrait.

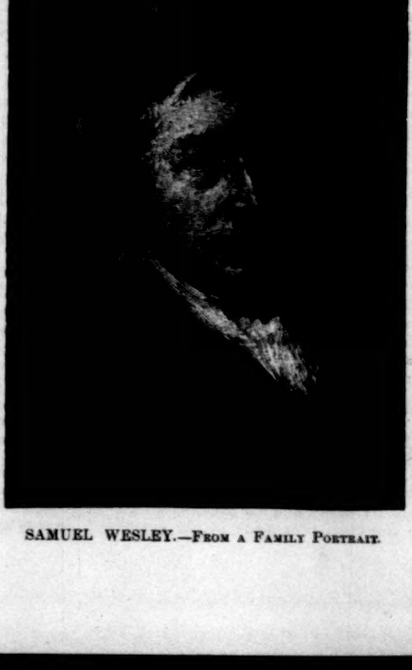
selves in religious matters, so it is fair to suppose that he had all the way through had the strength of mind to maintain the courage of his own opinions. None of the family had so ardent a love of nature as Samuel, and though his home was always in or near London, he spent as much time in the country as possible. He married Miss Charlotte Louisa Martin, daughter of the then Demonstrator of Anatomy at St. Thomas's Hospital, in April, 1793, and lived with her in a pretty cottage near Barnet for a couple of years before informing his mother of the fact that he had taken a partner for life. It was very odd of him, for the lady was all that those who best loved him could desire, and the elder Mrs. Wesley received her and her children, when they came, with open arms. She died young, and he married again about 1810, and had several more sons and daughters.

Samuel Wesley's magnificent cathedral service is well known, as are also the original hymn tunes he adapted to every metre in his uncle John's collection. He was organist at Camden Town, where he resided as his family increased, and at Ely Place, gave lectures on harmony at the Royal Institution, which it became quite the fashion to attend, and in making researches at the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, he was so fortunate as to discover three of Handel's tunes in his own hand, set to the words of three of his father's hymns. Handel was intimate with Mr. Rich, the proprietor at that time of Covent Garden Theatre, which he placed at the disposal of the *maestro* for the performance of his oratorios. Mrs. Rich became a follower of the Wesleys, who used to meet Handel at her house, and this probably explains how the hymns came under his notice. Of course Samuel Wesley published his discoveries, which formed quite an event in the musical world of that period. The last time he left his home was to go to Christ Church, Newgate Street, to meet Mendelssohn and a few other musical celebrities, and try the organ, which had been repaired and improved. Each played in turn, and Wesley was not less pleased with Mendelssohn's performance than was the great German composer with his. A few days afterward he died, surrounded by his large family, and was buried with his father, mother, and brother in Marylebone church-yard. At his funeral there was a grand musical function, presided over by his sons, the Rev. Dr. Charles Wesley, Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal, and Dr. Samuel Sebastian Wesley, of Gloucester Cathedral, assisted by the choirs of Westminster Abbey, the Chapels Royal, and the principal London churches.

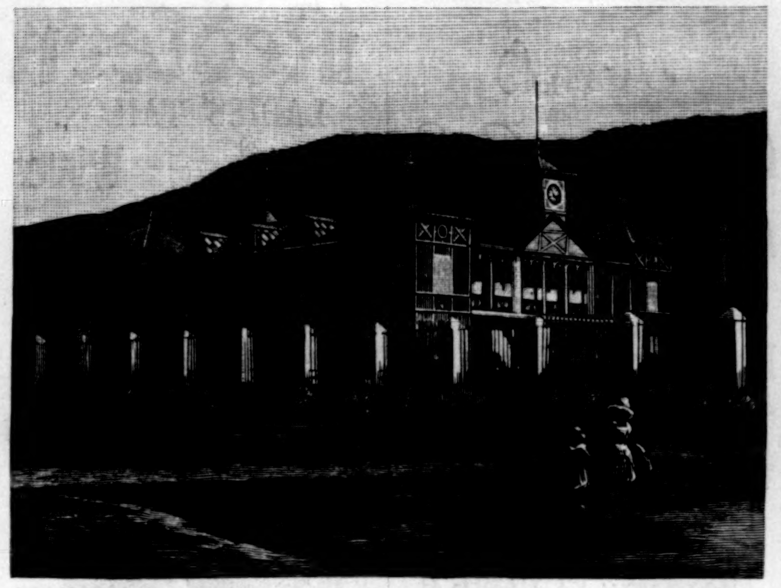
While on his death-bed he said to one of his younger sons, Erasmus, a boy of about fourteen, "Keep thy knowledge of Latin; remember the Wesleys were all gentlemen and scholars." A still younger son was named John, as was also an elder one who died. Perhaps the name was given in the second instance from the likeness, for the child was born while his father was out for a few hours. Of course the news was told him as soon as the door was opened, and he hastened upstairs to see the baby. "Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Wesley, "it's my uncle John come to life again." It was no wonder, therefore, that his name was called John. He is a busy and an active man, and may be met any day in the streets of London.

The writer of these pages is largely indebted to *Memorials of the Wesley Family*, by G. J. Stevenson, to old letters, frequently perused, which are now in other hands, and to the memories of some contemporaries of Charles, Sally, and Samuel Wesley, who, like them, have long since passed into the better land.

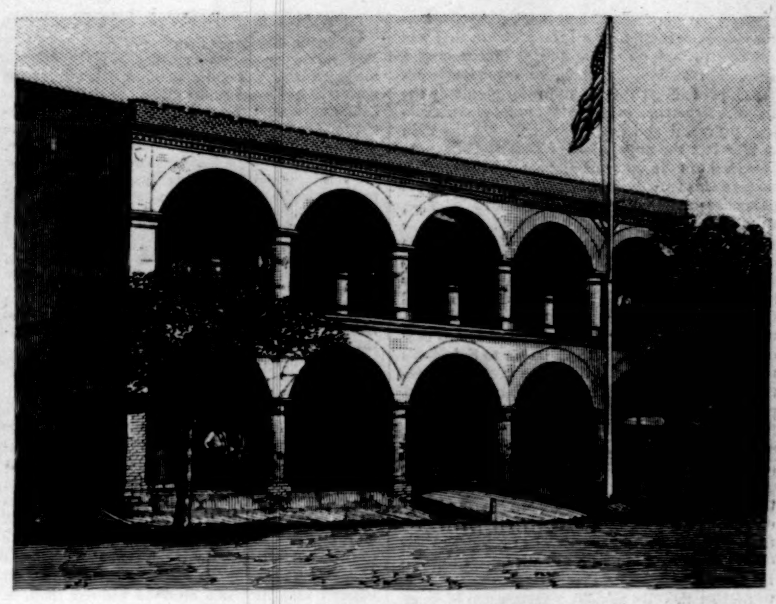
Eliza Clarke.



SAMUEL WESLEY.—From a Family Portrait.



THE NATIONAL PALACE AT PORT-AU-PRINCE.

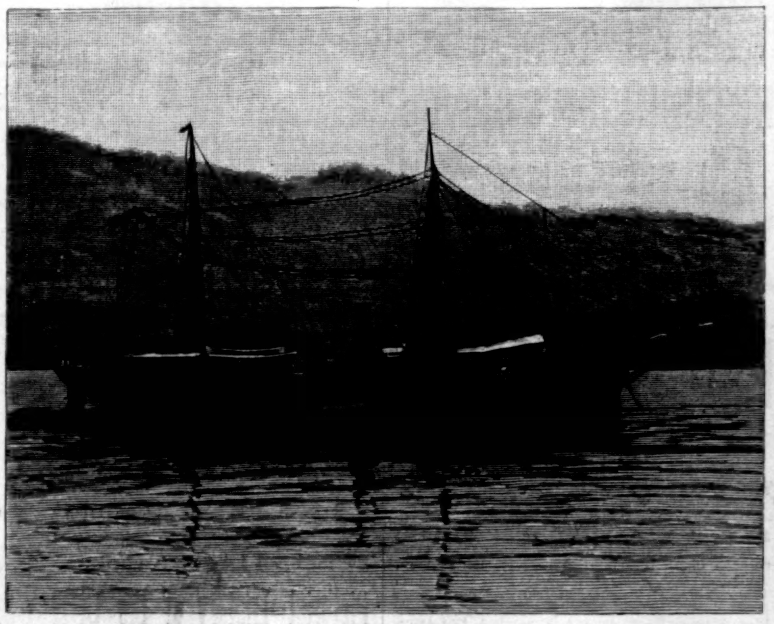


THE UNITED STATES LEGATION AT PORT-AU-PRINCE.

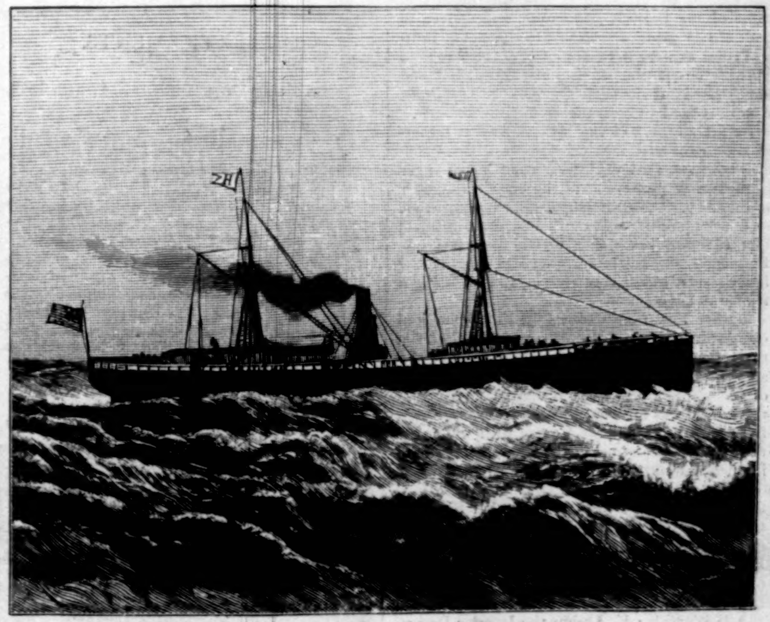
FLORVIL GÉLAN HIPPOLYTE, THE INSURGENT GENERAL.

GENERAL F. D. LÉGITIME, PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC.

LOUIS ÉTIENNE FELICITE SALOMON, LATE EX-PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC.



THE HAYTIAN GUN-BOAT "DESSALINES."



THE SEIZED STEAMER "HAYTIAN REPUBLIC."

THE HAYTIAN INSURRECTION.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE HAYTIAN INSURRECTION.

ABOUT the middle of the month of April of the current year, General Salomon being seriously ill at the time, his secretary, Stephen Lafontant, sent a cablegram *viâ* E. D. Bassett, Consul-General of Hayti at New York, to Mr. François S. Manigat, formerly Minister of the Interior, and then living in quasi exile in France. General Salomon, who was a man of a very suspicious nature, had taken umbrage at the self-assertiveness of General Manigat, as well as at his efforts to secure for himself the Chief Magistracy, which he hoped to do in the event of Salomon's death, or even before that, should circumstances favor his plans. Young, active, and daring, Manigat, who during the revolution of 1883 had forced the town of Jacmel to capitulate after a siege of six months, was considered by the "ultra-national" party as the successor of Salomon, whose protégé he was. He was hated and feared at once by the better class of Haytians, who could not forget his cruelty in having put to death forty-five of the most notable citizens of Jacmel after the capitulation of that town, violating the conditions of the surrender, his immorality, his arrogance, and the disgraceful means by which he had acquired his fortune. Manigat, in leaving Hayti for Paris, had confided his political interests to Salomon's secretary.

This latter, Mr. Stephen Lafontant, had succeeded so well in allaying General Salomon's suspicions, that Manigat, on his return to Hayti some ten months later, was received with open arms by the President. Salomon, feeling that his death was near, and desirous of placing some one in power who would continue his policy, caused the report to be secretly spread that it would not be long before he abdicated in favor of Manigat. General Salomon, after governing Hayti for nine years as absolute autocrat, had come to believe—"Quos perdere vult Jupiter dementat"—that the country was his plaything, and that he had the right to dispose of it according to his caprice; he forgot that the country was no longer under the Emperor Soulouque's reign, but a republic. But after a nine years' reign of terror, and the suppression of the rebellion of 1883, he believed that the country would ratify any and every one of his acts. Salomon deceived himself, however, for, from the day of Manigat's return, discontent became general throughout the island. The people, weary of the debasement they had suffered under the rule of Salomon, who governed through the "rabble," grouped themselves around General François Denis Légitime, a Senator and an ex-cabinet minister under Salomon. General Légitime, however, had seven years before retired from active politics and devoted himself to study. He was convinced that the welfare of the country depended upon the restoration of its agricultural and national industries, the opening of roads, the building of railroads, etc. In his military career he passed through every grade successively from that of a private to his present rank. As a public employé he commenced as clerk, to become Collector of the port of the capital, and finally Minister of Agriculture and Commerce.

From that date Légitime was treated as a "suspect," but such was his popularity that in spite of all Salomon's efforts to secure his defeat he was elected Senator by a large majority. Pre-eminently an honest man, General Légitime went out of office poor, and lived in modest retirement, hated by all the worst elements of

society, but appreciated and honored by the better classes. In spite of all the pressure that was brought to bear on him to induce him to head a revolution against Salomon, he persistently refused, preaching patience, and reform only by the ballot. Nevertheless discontent at Salomon's rule was universal and deeply rooted. On the 24th of May last the population of Port-au-Prince determined to take up arms against Salomon. Rumors of this reaching the President, a detachment of soldiers was sent to surround Légitime's house, whose death was now resolved upon.

Salomon, however, was prevailed upon by the diplomatic corps to spare Légitime's life, but he decreed his banishment. At the same time, for reasons known only to himself, he also banished General Manigat. From that date public indignation could no longer be restrained. It was now determined that a limit must be set to Salomon's terrorism. On the 4th of July a vast conflagration visited the capital, and several thousand people were rendered homeless. This was quickly followed by a second one on the 7th of the same month, which reduced several thousand persons more to destitution.

The object of these incendiaries was to sustain the candidacy of General Manigat, whose followers, men of the worst stamp, did not hesitate to take even such means as these to compass their ends. The indignant citizens called upon General Boisrond-Canal, an ex-President of the republic, to protect the city against a recurrence of these crimes. With this object in view he entered the city on July 8th. From this time forth he constituted himself the leader of the various secret committees which, since the 24th of May, had been planning means of protecting themselves against further outrage by an unprincipled government. It must be borne in mind that the press had been muzzled.

With Boisrond-Canal at the helm, the entire country was ripe for revolution. Salomon, convinced of this fact, had determined to abdicate in favor of General Seide Thélemacque, who governed the northern district (Cape Hayti). Thélemacque, realizing that Salomon's power was at an end, wisely decided not to accept the Chief Magistracy at his hands, but to claim it by force of arms. Therefore, aware of the progress of the revolution at the capital, he took up arms at Cape Hayti on the 5th of August last against the government.

General Salomon, as soon as news of the rebellion reached Port-au-Prince, issued a proclamation declaring the town of Cape Hayti under martial law, branding General Thélemacque as a traitor and a rebel, and outlawing him. On the same day General Anselme Prophète sailed from Port-au-Prince on board the man-of-war *Dessalines* with orders to attack General Thélemacque, but realizing that the forces under his command were not sufficient for such an enterprise, and thoroughly disgusted with the Salomon administration, he returned to Port-au-Prince on the 9th. It was then that Salomon called to his assistance General Prophète, and General Hérard Laforest, the military governor of Port-au-Prince, who, until then, had remained faithful to him, while his influence also had helped to keep in check the threatened outbreak at the capital. Salomon laid before them his plan for resisting the rebels. This plan was simply to reduce the capital to ashes, to call in the worst element of the peasant population, and deliver to their tender mercies such of the citizens of Port-au-Prince as were not completely devoted to him. This barbarous plan of Salomon completely and finally alienated the fidelity of these two generals, who thus far had been his devoted lieutenants.

On the morning of the 10th of August General Boisrond-Canal took possession of the arrondissement of Port-au-Prince, while his younger brother took possession of the northern quarter of the town. The entire population took up arms, and surrounding Salomon's palace, compelled him to leave the country. On the same day Boisrond-Canal issued a decree deposing him for having violated the constitution, and for being a traitor to his country.

During this time General Thélemacque had caused himself to be proclaimed chief of the revolutionary forces, and was marching on Port-au-Prince to claim the Presidency. The friends of General Légitime decided that his presence at the capital was necessary, and brought him back from Jamaica. The enthusiasm with which the population of Port-au-Prince met him on his landing defies description.

A few days later General Thélemacque entered the capital at the head of some ten thousand troops, and on the day following a provisional government was formed, with Boisrond-Canal as President; General Thélemacque having charge of the War and Navy Department; General F. D. Légitime, the Department of Foreign Affairs and Public Worship; M. Archin, the Interior Department; F. Gélan Hippolyte, of Police and Public Safety; U. St. Armand, the Department of Finances; and M. Claude, the Department of Public Instruction. General Hérard Laforest was retained as military governor, and General Prophète was put in charge of the national palace.

At the time of the formation of the provisional government it was also decreed that a Constituent Assembly should be elected, to be convened on or about the 10th of October. This was to consist of eighty-four members, who were to elect a President for the republic, and to revise the Constitution. The adherents of the last administration made a desperate struggle to secure the election of Thélemacque as President. The final election returns were received on the 28th. General Thélemacque had been defeated, Légitime receiving a majority of the votes of the members of the Constituent Assembly. The disappointment of Thélemacque and his partisans knew no bounds, and resulted in the fatal conflict of the night on which Thélemacque lost his life (September 28th).

STEPHEN C. PRESTON.

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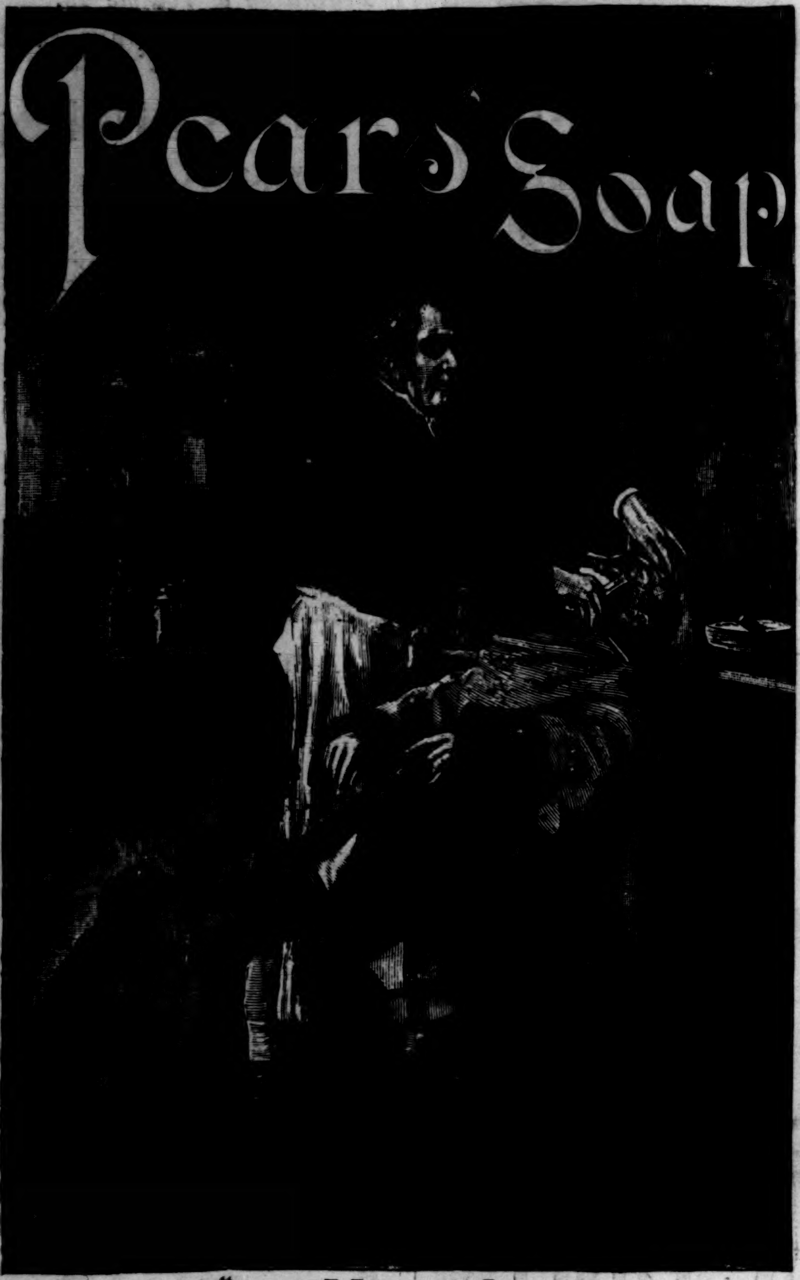

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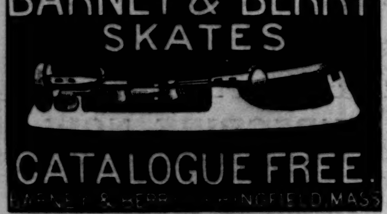

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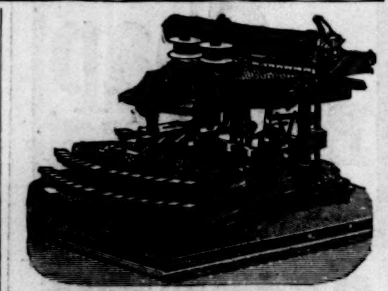

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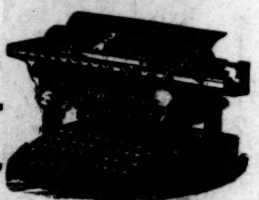
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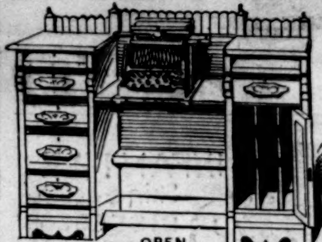
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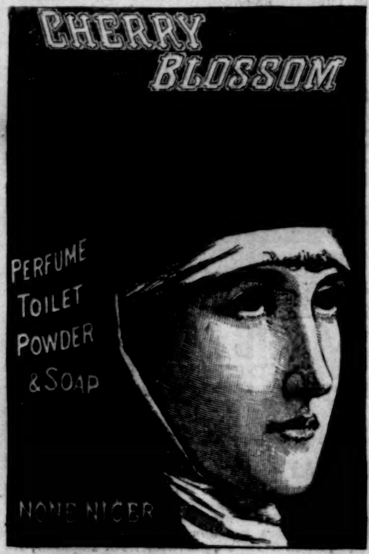

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THE MODERN LEADVILLE.

SUPPLEMENT TO HARPER'S WEEKLY, DECEMBER 1, 1888.

TO the tourist the chief point of interest in Leadville is its past. For a city barely a decade of years old this would seem to be something of an anomaly, even in the mining regions, where, if anywhere, towns may be expected to spring up with the first promise of early summer, and to wither and die in the premature blasts of winter. Only at Leadville, which has both a past and a present, could such a state of things be possible. Mining towns with a past are plentiful enough, but as they unhappily have little else to recommend them, the glory of their achievements has followed them into a morass of stagnation and despair from which there is no relief. In its curious commingling of both a past and a present within its ten years of life, Leadville stands alone among the cities of America. The chances are that in its own peculiar phase of character it never will have a rival.

The circumstances that gave Leadville its unique position relate to the discovery and development of silver mines and the attendant vicissitudes of social existence on an isolated range of the Rocky Mountains. The history of the present Leadville goes back only to 1876, when observing prospectors found that the black sand which had interfered with the working of the placer gold washings in California Gulch, near the head waters of the Arkansas River, in 1860, was carbonate of lead, richly impregnated with silver. Although located on nearly the same site, there is no connection between the prosperous Leadville of to-day and the hilarious Boughtown of 1860, for when the placer diggings were abandoned in 1867 California Gulch relapsed into its original state of primeval solitude. Not until a few wandering miners undertook to work the placer bars once again, in the summer of 1876, was this solitude broken.

The miner who discovered the presence of carbonate of lead engaged the services of a friend, and began a search for the source of the sand-drift. Firm in the belief that it lay between the limestone outcropping in the bottom of the gulch and the porphyry on the top of the range, the two men sank a number of trial shafts half-way up the side of the mountain. Late in the fall the first of the carbonate mines gave up specimens of its wonderful wealth. From that time on, Leadville had a name and a place in the affairs of the world.

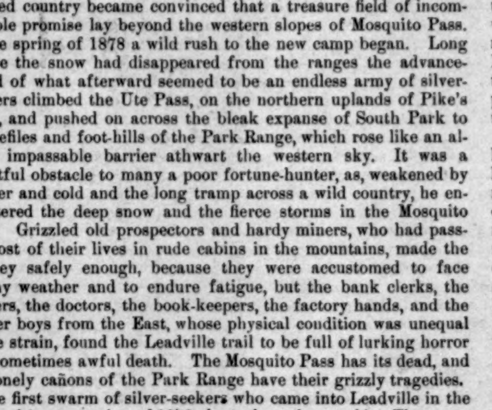
The discovery attracted but little attention during the year of 1877, as the carbonate ore was undergoing a series of tests at the smelters' in Denver and St. Louis. When the result of those tests was at length made known, and when stories of the extent and richness of the new mines began to find their way eastward, the dazzled country became convinced that a treasure field of incomparable promise lay beyond the western slopes of Mosquito Pass. In the spring of 1878 a wild rush to the new camp began. Long before the snow had disappeared from the ranges the advance-guard of what afterward seemed to be an endless army of silver-hunters climbed the Ute Pass, on the northern uplands of Pike's Peak, and pushed on across the bleak expanse of South Park to the defiles and foot-hills of the Park Range, which rose like an almost impassable barrier athwart the western sky. It was a frightful obstacle to many a poor fortune-hunter, as, weakened by hunger and cold and the long tramp across a wild country, he encountered the deep snow and the fierce storms in the Mosquito Pass. Grizzled old prospectors and hardy miners, who had passed most of their lives in rude cabins in the mountains, made the journey safely enough, because they were accustomed to face stormy weather and to endure fatigue, but the bank clerks, the lawyers, the doctors, the book-keepers, the factory hands, and the farmer boys from the East, whose physical condition was unequal to the strain, found the Leadville trail to be full of lurking horror and sometimes awful death. The Mosquito Pass has its dead, and the lonely cañons of the Park Range have their grizzly tragedies.

The first swarm of silver-seekers who came into Leadville in the cool and breezy spring of 1878 slept where they could. There was plenty of food, such as it was, for those who had the money to pay for it; but comfortable lodgings, or even a shelter from the cold night winds, were not to be had at any price. In vain were rough board houses and rougher log cabins built up as rapidly as the necessary materials could be brought together; in vain did canvas tents spring up overnight, like the blossoming of the travelling circus; the lodgers outnumbered the available lodgings as ten to one. The belated arrival or he who came empty-handed and friendless built a camp fire on the hill-side, spread his blanket on a bed of spruce boughs, and shivered wretchedly the long night through. Only he who has camped on the high ranges of the Rocky Mountains can appreciate the bitter discomforts of a spring night at an elevation of 10,280 feet.

FRYER HILL.

The lack of proper sleeping accommodations continued to be felt during the entire summer, as the stream of eager men pouring over the Park Range and along the Arkansas Valley seemed rather to increase than to diminish. Stories of the wonderful richness of the hills above the city, and descriptions of the fabulous strikes made by farmers from Ohio, store clerks from New York, or lumbermen from Wisconsin, gave the new camp a sudden notoriety that paused neither at New York nor San Francisco, but made the circuit of the world both ways. Men in every walk of life, as well as from every country on earth except China, thronged into the unkempt streets of the ragged camp, not by hundreds, but by thousands, until it seemed as though a new exodus were about to take place. It was a strange crowd. The capitalist who endured discomfort for the sake of doubling his wealth, the cool-headed, practical mining engineer with matter-of-fact instructions from his company, the bankrupt man anxious to retrieve his broken fortune, the young man seeking a quick way to riches, the convict let loose from Sing Sing and Joliet, the whiskey-seller, the gambler, and the dance-house keeper from Denver and Pueblo, and the cutthroat and desperado from Deadwood and the Rio Grande Valley, jostled each other in the crowded streets, and bargained with one another among the thickly staked-out claims with that disregard of social equality which is nowhere found so genuine and unaffected as in a new mining camp. In most respects this is the natural state of man. It is only in the artificial state called society that arbitrary distinctions between men are recognized, and that, too, only when women possess the dominating influence. As in politics, mining operations make strange associations.

For a time the most scientific mining expert was as much at a loss concerning the character and extent of the new field as the least experienced fortune-seeker from the East. Men who did not know good mineral from a lump of dirt, and who had to hire other men to tell them, dug down upon the contact, and struck mines worth millions of dollars. Such occurrences set the camp roaring crazy with excitement, and shook the financial equanimity of the whole world. People began to fear that if Leadville were a place where any one could go out and find a fortune by the blindest of blind chance, silver would soon be worth hardly more than copper or zinc. Wonderful strikes were not confined to men who actually delved in the ground with pick and shovel. Grocers and general-store keepers, who provided prospectors with provisions and tools on the chance of sharing what the prospectors found, often made hundreds of thousands of dollars upon the expenditure of insignificant sums. This "grub-stake" arrangement is resorted to only when the prospector is unable to buy provisions and tools himself. One of the most conspicuous illustrations of the luck of grub stakes is the case of ex-United States Senator H. A. W. Tabor, who, while keeping a small grocery store in Leadville, furnished provisions and tools to a prospector, and received in return a half interest in a mine that made him one of the richest men in the West. Fortunately for Leadville, Tabor knew how to take care of his money better than most men who spring from poverty to wealth with the blow of a pick. He did not squander it recklessly at the gambling dens, nor waste it in foolish extravagance; instead, he invested it judiciously in other mining property, built the Tabor Grand Hotel, now the Hotel Kitchen, put up the Tabor Opera-house, and in various ways did yeoman's service in making Leadville a permanent and prosperous city. There came a time when Mr. Tabor's operations outgrew Leadville, and he removed to Denver, where he built the finest opera-house in the West, and settled down quietly to the hard work of managing his properties. There are many other men whom I might name who have made fortunes on an investment of a sack of flour, a can of baking-powder, and a few pounds of salt pork, but none have been so conspicuously before the public or have met with such unvarying success as Tabor.



THE SPHINX, COLORADO—MIDLAND RAILROAD.

Fortune seldom makes a careful selection of her beneficiaries in a mining camp. A grub-stake millionnaire near Leadville is so densely unlearned that he can neither read nor write, nor tell the time of day on the face of a watch. His quick wit, however, oftentimes tides him over embarrassments. When asked the hour of the day, he will tug at his watch-guard for a moment while he takes the bearings of the sun, after which he will pull out his five-hundred-dollar repeater with a jerk, and say, in a careless tone of voice, "It wants a quarter to eleven by my watch." Should the day be cloudy, he will retort, "Work more and eat less, and you'll have a time of your own." I had the pleasure of dining with this millionnaire one day at a mine house in the Eagle River district. A miner brought in a letter, and said that he would wait outside for an answer. The millionnaire ripped open the envelope, held the written sheet up before his face, and mumbled to himself. Every ten seconds or so he would growl out: "Aha! Just so! We'll see to *that!*" I could not help noticing, with the accidental aid of a mirror just behind him, that the grub-stake millionnaire was holding the letter upside down!

It would reasonably be expected that this unlettered laboring-man, raised by unheeding chance to a position of wealth and material consequence, would be at least a kind and just employer. He is in reality a brute to his own men, and a cunning, grasping money-maker in his dealings with others. Here is a case in point. An honest miner had staked out a claim and sunk a shaft a short distance above the grub-stake millionnaire's richest mine. When the miner reached the mineral, the millionnaire told him to stop working and leave the country, or there would be trouble. The miner, having a clear title to his property, refused to heed the insolent demand.

"You can't work that mine," said the millionnaire, "because I want it myself. I'll do the square thing with you: I'll give you fifty dollars for the claim."

"You're crazy," retorted the miner. "That claim is worth twenty thousand dollars, and more, as it stands."

"Look here, you fool! I've got too much money for you. The minute that a single rock from the dump of your claim rolls down on my property I will sue you for damages. You hear me? Money talks in this country."

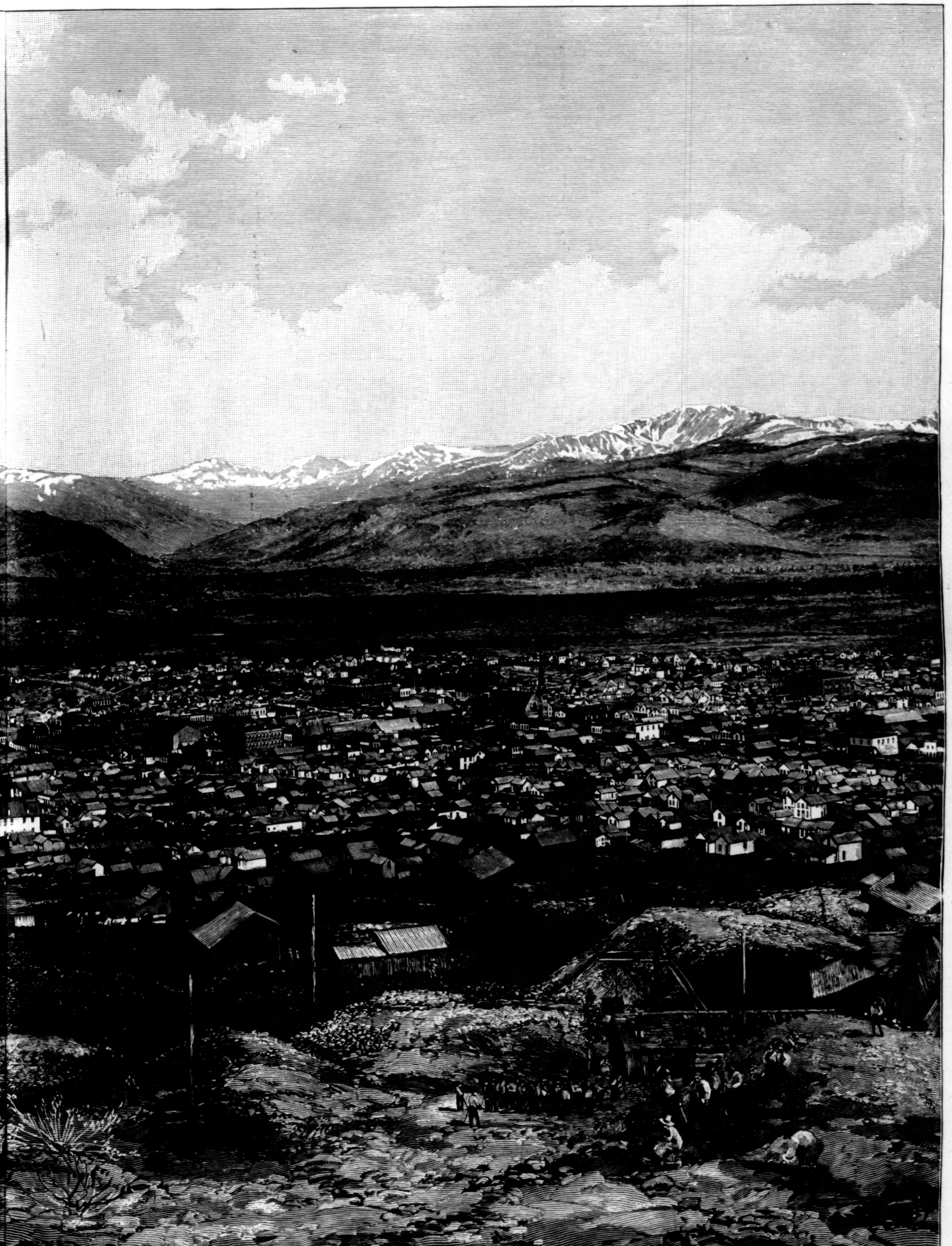
That night, while the miner's resolution was weakened by strong drink pressed upon him by a foreman in the millionnaire's employ, he sold his mine to the rich man for fifty dollars. The millionnaire boasted that he had done a pretty smart stroke of business. Fortune must indeed be blind when she loads such a creature with wealth and lets better men go poor. After all, chance is just and impartial. The gambler, the horse-thief, or the renegade is as likely to strike it rich in mining as the church-goer, the scrupulous gentleman, or the honest-minded laborer. If there is such a thing as a fair field and no favor, it surely must be in the discovery of silver mines. If the good were all rewarded and the wicked all punished on earth, instead of in an indefinite hereafter, there would have been no incentive for the writing of this article, for in that case Leadville would have been very prosaic and commonplace. It is the startling contrast between the lights and the shades that makes Leadville's history interesting to the East. In the far West, and notably among the mountains, everything is taken as a matter of course. Here, more than anywhere else that I know of, people take things as they come, and at least try to part with them as they go, which is much the harder.

Many a lucky fortune-hunter found it quite impossible to take things as they come, rationally and sensibly, in early Leadville. Dozens of good fellows lost their bearings and their moral moorings when they found sudden wealth on the slopes of Fryer Hill or the neighboring steeps. Often and often money obtained by the sale of newly struck mines went quickly into the gambling den, the dance-house, and places still worse; and many, many times the good name, self-respect, and physical well-being of generous, loyal-hearted young men went with it. There was a broad, smooth road to perdition in Leadville then, and crowds kept it gay with life. Death loitered here and there, and red-eyed Murder looked in at a window now and again; but that too, like everything else, was a matter of course. Any number of Leadville's human wrecks are drifting about the country to-day, begging a mouthful of bread, and appealing pitifully to the stony-hearted whiskey-seller. I met a typical wreck in Indianapolis last summer. He stopped me as I was leaving a hotel, and while chasing a small coin through a litter of other things in my pocket, I heard him call my name.

"Don't you know me?" he asked, in a faltering tone of voice. "Have you forgotten an old school-mate?"

No, I had not forgotten. In his wretched face I could dimly trace the features of a bright, lively boy, who had been the favorite of his class more than seventeen years ago. During all that time I had seen him but once. We had talked for a few minutes on the station platform at La Junta, Colorado, in the early summer of 1879. I was on my way to the pueblos of New Mexico, while he, strong, sturdy, and full of hope, was going to Leadville to make his fortune. He did make it, sure enough, but it unmade him, and at the last cast him out a hopeless human wreck. He had tried to go home, he told me, but he had failed miserably—once when within sight of his father's house. He could not go back and face his mother's grief and his father's despair. This

THE CITY OF LEADVILLE, COLORADO, AND ITS SURRO



ROUNDINGS.—From a Photograph by W. H. Jackson & Co., Denver.